LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of his Royal Highness Edward Augustus Duke of York and Albany, his Majesty's late Brother.
2. Four beautifully coloured Costumes for Ladies and Gentlemen.
3. An *Original Piece* of Music; the Words by a Lady of Distinction, and the Music composed by Thomas Clark, Esq.

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Printed and published by and for J. B. BELL and Co. No. 11, Catherine-Street, Strand.

TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Fourteenth Number of this Work will be enriched, with a correct Likeness of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, brother to our most Gracious Sovereign; which, with the Portrait of His Majesty's Father, will complete the series of Portraits of the Male Branches of the Illustrious Family of our beloved Monarch. So interesting a Collection has never been introduced to the British Nation, and, therefore, this Magazine cannot fail of being acceptable to every loyal person.

The Supplement, which completes the First Volume of this Magazine, has to boast of a most beautiful Frontispiece, engraved in a style of very superior excellence by that distinguished artist Scriven, after an original design by that celebrated master Davis. The Proprietors can with confidence affirm, that no Magazine, hitherto published, has ever yet been enriched with so splendid and masterly an embellishment. This has been done at a considerable sacrifice as to expence, in order to convince those Subscribers who honour them with their patronage, and the Public at large, that they are determined to verify their promises; and they beg leave to assure their Subscribers and the Public, that for the future they shall continue unremitting in their efforts to give satisfaction to their Readers, and no expence will be spared to render this Work pre-eminently deserving of the patronage of an enlightened and polished Public.

The Subscribers are requested to observe, that Orders for this Half-Yearly Supplementary Number should be given to their Booksellers or Newsmen, and with as little delay as possible, in order to ensure the best Impressions.

A pleasing piece of Original Music is added to this Number of the Magazine, and as the Proprietors promised, in a former Number, to increase the attractions of their Work by adding Embellishments, and by augmenting the number of their Pages appropriated to Literature, according to the Patronage the Magazine might have; they, therefore, presume to offer this Number as a proof of the sincerity of their promises, and of their determination to continue still to add to its merits, in proportion as the Magazine increases in sale. A piece of ORIGINAL MUSIC *will for the future be given in this Magazine, which will be composed expressly for this Work, both by English and Foreign Masters: the Music will be diversified and calculated for various instruments.*

Many applications having been made to the Proprietors of this Magazine for Proof Impressions of the Portraits that form a part of this costly Work, the Proprietors beg leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, the Public, and the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that any of the Proof Impressions, of the Portraits, may be had at the Office, in Setts at 3s. each, or separately at 4s. 6d. each.

THE LITERATI

Are earnestly requested to contribute their labours to this Magazine. The Proprietors beg leave to inform them, that all the subjects, either *Reviews of Valuable Publications*, on the *Plan of the Edinburgh Review*, or *Communications of Interesting and Original Matter*, will be inserted, if approved of, and *liberally paid for*. At the same time they beg leave to observe, that no article will be inserted in *Le Beau Monde*, which is not excellent in its kind, and will bear the strictest examination. This Plan the Proprietors have been induced to adopt, to encourage Men of Talents to favour them with their Communications, and in order that their Work may class with the first Literary Productions of the Age.

We consider ourselves particularly indebted to the ingenious Correspondent who has again favoured us with some very useful Drawings, we have availed ourselves of them, and shall be proud to receive a continuation of the same favours.

Our Correspondents are again requested to favor us with their Communications, on or before the 10th of each month, addressed to J. B. Bell and Co. at the Office of *Le Beau Monde*, or *Literary and Fashionable Magazine*, No. 11, Catherine-street, Strand, London.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the late DUKE OF YORK.

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THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Thirteenth Number.

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS EDWARD AUGUSTUS DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE EDWARD AUGUSTUS, next brother of our present most gracious Sovereign, and second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, was born on the 14th of March, 1739. At the different stages of youth, he was put under preceptors qualified to instruct him in the various branches of literature, and the exercises proper for a Prince of his birth; and as he was designed to enter into the naval profession, the knowledge of maritime affairs formed a principal part of the plan allotted for his studies.

On the 18th of May, 1752, his Royal Highness was elected a knight companion of the most noble order of the garter, and installed on the 4th of June following.

On the 25th of July, 1758, his Royal Highness commenced his professional noviciate, embarking as a midshipman on board the Essex, commanded by the immortal and ever to be revered Lord Howe. A ludicrous anecdote relative to this period of his Royal Highness's life deserves to be mentioned. When his Royal Highness first embarked on board the Essex, at Portsmouth, the flag-officers and captains of the fleet came to pay their respects to him. His Royal Highness, in compliance we should suppose with etiquette, which at that time was more rigidly observed than it is at present, received them with his hat on, while the officers stood before him uncovered. A sailor observing this, asked one of his messmates, "if he "did not think the young Prince very ill-mannered to stand with his hat on before the "admirals and captains?"—"Yes," replied the other, "but how should he know manners seeing as how he has never been at sea before?" The honest tar thought the quarter-deck of a man of war a better school for politeness than the drawing-room at St. James's. His Royal Highness proceeded with the fleet to the coast of France, and was present at the reduction of Cherburg, in Normandy. In September, he witnessed the unfortunate affair at St. Cas, and shewed great firmness and resolution of mind, when in the barge with his gallant commander, assisting the troops to effect their retreat to the fleet. After serving not quite a twelvemonth in the subordinate stations of midshipman and lieutenant, his Royal Highness was promoted to the rank of post captain, and appointed to the command of his Majesty's Ship Phœnix of forty guns. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the Hero of seventy-four guns, and sailed to join the channel-fleet, under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, then employed in the blockade of Brest. In the autumn the fleet returned to port, and his Royal

Highness landing at Plymouth, soon after set out for London.

On the 1st of April, 1760, his Royal Highness was created by his late Majesty, DUKE of YORK and ALBANY in the kingdom of Great Britain, and EARL of ULSTER in Ireland, and in the month of May following took his seat in the House of Peers. Two days after the accession of his Royal Brother to the throne, the DUKE of YORK was sworn a member of the privy council, and took his seat at the board at his Majesty's right hand. On the 31st of March, 1761, his Royal Highness was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral of the Blue; and soon after the common council of London voted him the freedom of their city in a gold box of the value of 150 guineas, in testimony of their dutiful affection for their sovereign, and as a pledge of their grateful respect for his Royal Highness, for his early entrance into the naval service of his king and country, the noblest and most effectual bulwark of the wealth, the prosperity, and independence of this free and commercial nation.

At the royal nuptials, in September 1761, the DUKE of YORK, as chief supporter to the royal bride, walked at her right hand; and at the procession of the coronation, on the 22d of that month, appeared in his robes as first Prince of the blood.

On the 23d of June, 1762, his Royal Highness hoisted his flag on board the Princess Amelia at Spithead, Lord Howe serving under him as captain; and soon after sailed with the fleet under Sir Edward Hawke, on a cruise to the coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal, from which he returned in the month of August following.

His Royal Highness next proceeded with a small squadron under his command to the Bay of Biscay, where he cruised until the middle of October, and then returned to Plymouth, where he was elected High Steward of that corporation, and about the same time promoted to be Vice Admiral of the Blue. In that capacity he sailed from Plymouth, on the 14th of November, with the fleet under Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, on a cruise to the westward, and on the return of the squadron to port, he struck his flag and repaired to London. Peace being concluded soon after, his Royal Highness had leisure to indulge in the recreations suited to his age and station, and accordingly he set out on a tour to different parts of England, and was every where received with the respect due to his illustrious birth.

At the baptism of his nephew Prince Frederick (the present Duke of York) his Royal Highness stood godfather by his proxy, the Earl of Huntingdon, being then on his way to Plymouth, to embark for the continent. He sailed from that port on board the Centurion commanded by Commodore Harrison, and as he chose to travel *incog.* he took the title of Earl of Ulster, in which character he was received by the court of Lisbon, where he remained a few days, and then sailed for Gibraltar. Having staid two days to examine the fortifications and other remarkable curiosities of that key of the Mediteranean, his Royal Highness sailed to Port Mahon, and from thence to Genoa.

After a residence of about ten weeks at Genoa, his Royal Highness made the tour of Italy, then the depository of the richest treasures of the arts, visiting in the course of his journey, Turin, Florence, Leghorn, Rome, Parma, Venice, Padua, Milan, and other remarkable cities in that delightful region. The Duke was every where received and entertained with a respect and magnificence due to his illustrious birth and near relationship to the Prince who wore the British diadem; and after remaining in Italy until the month of August 1764, he re-embarked at Genoa on board the Centurion, and in a few days landed at Nice, in the King of Sardinia's territories, from whence he went to Antibes, the first town from Italy in the French dominions, and passing through that kingdom to Calais, crossed the straits and landed at Dover. It is said that magnificent preparations were made for his reception at Paris, but a political coldness subsisting between the courts of London and Versailles, on account of some recent infractions in the treaty of peace by the French, prevented him from visiting that capital.

Soon after his return to London, his Royal Highness was elected President of the London Hospital. No nation in the world can boast a disposition of charity so universally diffused among them as the English. Independent of the vast sums which are yearly collected among us, by law, for eleemosenary purposes, and which therefore cannot be regarded as free offerings, because all are obliged, in one shape or other, to contribute to them, the sums that are yearly gratuitously subscribed for benevolent uses in this country, exceed the revenues of many states: And it is a distinction much to the credit of our princes and nobles, that to their titles of honour, they are ambitious of adding yet more honourable distinctions, the applause of patronizing the meritorious, of succouring the indigent, and of relieving the distressed.

Charity has been well said to comprehend the sum and substance of the Christian dispensation; and happily among the many princely virtues which adorn the present reigning family, and justly endear them to the people, liberality of disposition and generosity of heart are their prominent characteristics. While the DUKE of YORK was evincing the sensibility of his heart by accepting the office of president of a great charitable institution, he gave a proof of his devotion to science by condescending to become a member of the Royal Society.

In the summer of 1765, his Royal Highness made the tour of several parts of Holland and Germany. In the month of June he visited the Hague, and was complimented on his arrival by a deputation from the States General. In July he visited Berlin, then at the height of its glory, and was received and entertained by Frederick the Great with particular marks of distinction and favour. The Duke returned to England in the autumn, and employed himself in visiting Tunbridge and other parts of his native country, which he had not had an opportunity of seeing before.

When Parliament met in December, 1765, his Royal Highness attended his duty in the House of Lords, and, with the independent spirit which so well becomes a British peer, voted against the ministry on the question relating to the American Stamp Act; and also, on another occasion, during the same session, divided with the opposition. Most of our princes have on one occasion or other divided in the House of Lords, and it deserves to be mentioned to their credit, that they invariably appear to have voted as became them, according to the best of their judgment, as upright, honourable, and independent British peers, perfectly and constitutionally unacquainted with what might be the private sentiments of the illustrious head of their family, to whom on all occasions, except where their parliamentary duty intervened, they were bound to pay the most dutiful obedience. In the succeeding session (1767) his Royal Highness spoke against the ministers then in office, upon a question relating to the bill of indemnity, framed and passed by the assembly of Massachuset's Bay. His speech, though short, was clear and perspicuous, and delivered with much self-possession and freedom of elocution.

On the prorogation of Parliament, (July the 7th, 1767) his Royal Highness set out for Dover, to visit the Continent once more. At this period the Continent must have presented an highly interesting spectacle to the mind of a young and gallant-spirited Prince. The old Court of France was at the height of its grandeur, and Germany, through her hundred states and principalities of various denomination, was rapidly recovering from the disasters into which she had been plunged by the seven years war. Italy had enjoyed repose for between thirty and forty years, and, in spite of her odious forms of government, and the incessant exactions of a lazy and rapacious priesthood, was in a state of prosperity, in some degree worthy of her fine climate, and of her former reputation. No angry passions disturbed the feelings of nations; no jealousies, no half-smothered resentments threatened the revival of wars; but governments and individuals of different nations seemed, throughout Europe, disposed to unite together in bonds of amity and harmony. His Royal Highness was attended on his tour by the Hon. Colonel St. John, John Wrottesly, Esq. and the Honourable Colonel Morrison. He arrived at Brussels on the 11th of July, and was received by Prince Charles of Saxe Teschen, Governor-General of the Austrian Netherlands, with all the distinction due to his rank. From Brussels his Royal Highness proceeded to Mons, in French Flanders, and from thence to Paris, a cordial unanimity now subsisting between the two Courts. On the 19th of July, his Royal Highness was presented to the King and Queen of France, at Compeigne, under the title of the Earl of Ulster; and on the 23d his Royal Highness had the honour to sup with their most Christian Majesties. A few days afterwards the Duke was present at a royal review, where, in honour, perhaps, of his illustrious guest, Louis commanded in person. After the troops had performed their evolutions, he asked his Royal Highness how he liked his soldiers? To which the Duke answered, "that they certainly made a fine appearance;" and, with happy presence of mind, added, "I "hope, for the sake of your Majesty and my "brother, never to see them any where else." The Princes of the blood, and the prime nobility of France, vied with each other in shewing demonstrations of respect to the British Prince. His appearance at Paris might be regarded in some sort as a political novelty. He was the first Prince of the Hanoverian line who had visited that capital, since the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of these realms; and, independent of the advantages of high birth, and the prepossessions of youth, he came recommended to the then light and effeminate Court of France, by the vast reputation which Britain had acquired in the pre-

ceding war, in which, according to the confession of a French historian, (Voltaire) by no means partial to the British nation, she had been victorious in every quarter of the globe. Whatever respect Princes derive from their personal virtues in the countries to which they belong, foreign states will always measure the respect to be shewn them according to the strength of the country to which they appertain. Fortune! Fortune! let not the lower orders of society alone complain of thy injustice! Princes also may complain of thy caprices! When the descendants of John Paleologus, in whose veins flowed the richest blood of ancient Rome, were driven from Constantinople, they presented themselves to the western Courts for relief in vain; their petitions were haughtily rejected, and their proud pedigrees spurned with contemptuous disdain. Political reasons for a season caused the expatriated House of Stuart to meet a cordial reception at the Court of Versailles, but when those no longer existed, the unfortunate descendants of James II. were rudely driven from their asylum, and forced to seek a refuge wherever chance might direct them, or humanity stretch forth a hand for their protection. What is the condition of the descendants of St. Louis, at the present day? In what Court have the descendants of Henry the Fourth met with a reception worthy of their birth?—Well has the poet said, "adversity makes us acquainted with many "strange companions." The unhappy Princes of the House of Bourbon, who are now scattered over Europe, in vain claim the privileges of their high birth. The rites of private hospitality in this country, at least, we hope will never be denied to these illustrious exiles; but the stern maxims of state policy exclude them from the drawing-room, and debar them from the festive galas of regal hospitality. Should our Princes (which Providence avert) ever be reduced to such abject circumstances, let them not look to foreign Courts for that respect to which they are entitled from their rank; let them expect to meet at best with cold endurance. Out of their own country, and out of the circle of those who respect and venerate them, it is present power, and not past greatness, which can command respect.

After staying some time at the French Court, where the Royal Family and the Nobility vied with each other in shewing him the highest honours and respect, the Duke proceeded to the South of France, and, after visiting every remarkable object that lay within his route in the interior of the kingdom, spent two days in examining the port and arsenal of Toulon. This was in the month of August, when in that part of France the weather is intolerably hot; and his Royal Highness having fatigued himself by over exertions, became predisposed to receive the malady which afterwards attacked him, and which terminated so fatally. After quitting Toulon, his Royal Highness paid a visit to the chateau of a person of distinction, where, considering the state of the weather, and his own previous indisposition, he indulged too freely in the exercise of dancing, which exhausted him greatly, and occasioned a strong perspiration. When the ball, which had been made for his entertainment, was concluded, the Duke ordered his carriages to be got ready, and, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his attendants, proceeded on his journey towards Italy. He was prevailed on to take the precaution of wrapping himself up in his travelling cloak, but unhappily this precaution proved ineffectual.

The following day, (August the 30th) his Royal Highness complained of a slight chilliness and shivering. The indisposition, however, appeared so slight, that the Duke paid scarcely any regard to it, and at night honoured a French theatre with his presence; but before the performance was over, his Royal Highness found his malady so seriously increased, that he was obliged to withdraw. The symptoms of fever now obviously appeared. His pulse was strong and irregular; he had palpitations in the temples, pains in the loins and back, and complained of thirst, and an immoderate heat all over his body. It does not appear by the reports before us, that his Royal Highness had any regular English medical practitioner in his suite, but we can hardly believe that a personage of such rank would have travelled without so necessary an attendant. Probably, however, relying on youth and strength of constitution, the Duke thought a minister of health unnecessary near his person, and by some subsequent circumstances, which we shall have occasion to relate, it appears that the Duke himself had paid some attention to the science of medicine, and, perhaps, thought himself as well qualified as another to administer to his own relief. A dose taken with a sincere conviction of its salutary properties, will always produce twice the effects of another that is swallowed with a dubious faith of its effects. By proper care, and the plentiful use of diluents, the Duke was considerably better in the morning, and therefore set forward for Monaco, the Prince of which (who was personally ac-

quainted with his Royal Highness in his former tour to Italy) was waiting there in expectation of the honour of a visit from him; and the Duke was rather inclined to accelerate his journey thither, as in the palace of that Prince he might naturally look for assistance and accommodation superior to what he could reasonably hope to meet in common places.

The weather happened to be uncommonly hot, which not a little incommoded his Royal Highness on his journey; but notwithstanding he arrived at Monaco in good spirits, though with feverish symptoms, and a head-ach, the latter of which he imputed principally to the intense heat of the sun during the whole day. On the succeeding day the Duke's indisposition was manifestly increased, and he took to his bed entirely. In hopes of a recovery, and unwilling to give unnecessary alarm to his royal relatives, the Duke enjoined his attendants on no account to write to England concerning his illness. All possible advice and assistance that could be procured was now given, but to no purpose, the fever having got to a height beyond the power of medicine to remove. His Royal Highness now plainly perceived the danger of his situation, and with a fortitude and resignation rarely to be met with, where bloom of youth and dignity of station are united, prepared himself for his approaching dissolution, as became him as a man and a christian. Convinced that, without some unexpected change in his distemper, he must die, his Royal Highness with the utmost calmness and composure of mind, adjusted every step consequent of that fatal event himself. After he had settled his arrangements he seemed remarkably easy. He declared himself perfectly resigned to the Divine will, and spoke of his approaching dissolution with all the piety and resignation which a firm conviction of the truths of religion alone can inspire. His Royal Highness was sensible to the last moment; and the very morning of his decease dictated a letter to their Majesties, his illustrious mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and the other branches of the Royal Family, desiring the writer to expedite it, as he had but a few moments to spare, and those he wished to employ in still more momentous concerns.

Before his Royal Highness breathed his last, he ordered all the gentlemen of his retinue to be called to his bedside; when after thanking them for their services, he took an affectionate leave of them; and desired that, as he could not possibly survive many hours longer, his blisters might be taken off, to give him a little relief from pain in his last moments, which was accordingly done. His Royal Highness departed this life on the 17th of September, 1767, after an illness of fourteen days continuance.

Among many other particulars related upon this melancholy occasion, the following seem also to be authentic:—"His Royal Highness "had not taken to his bed above two or three "days, when Colonel Morrison, one of the "gentlemen of his suite, also found himself "exceedingly indisposed. The Duke insisted "on the Colonel's declining his attendance on "him, and that he should keep his own chamber. The Colonel humbly begged permission to continue in the performance of his "duty. His Royal Highness was, nevertheless, still very pressing; most amiably and "benevolently urging, 'Morrison, thy life is of "much consequence, the preservation of it is "of more importance than mine. You have "a wife and family; be careful of your health "for their sakes!' However, Colonel Morri "son importuned so strongly, that the Duke, "at length acquiesced. His Royal Highness "had a very high opinion of James's Fever "Powder, and lamented the omitting having "some along with him. In this dilemma some"body recollected that Capt. Schutz, an English "gentleman, who had been some time in Italy "for the recovery of his health, had mentioned "the having some with him. An express was "immediately dispatched to the Captain, "which returned in a day or two with a "packet of it. The first dose had a very good "effect, causing a most plentiful perspiration; "the second dose was given, but no good con"sequence ensued; and the disorder increased. "The third dose was, unhappily, (for what "medicine is infallible!) as unsuccessful as "the preceding one, the fever having gained "too great an ascendency to be subdued. His "Royal Highness was desirous of being attended by a Protestant Clergyman, and ex"presses were sent to several sea-ports, distant as well as neighbouring, in hopes of "meeting with some ships of Commodore "Spry's squadron, on board of which might "be a chaplain; but the search was fruitless. "Several portions of Scripture, particularly "from the Psalms, and many of them of the "Duke's own pointing out, were however "read, at various times, to his Royal High"ness.

"The morning his Royal Highness died, he "called Mr. Murray, his first page, to his "bed-side; he asked him some questions, gave

" him some particular directions and advice, " and took a moving leave of him; even in " dying his Royal Highness shewed the most " zealous affection for him. ' Ah! Murray,' " (said he) ' thou will lose thy master.' "

As soon as his Royal Highness had expired, the Prince of Monaco informed his officers and servants that he must then acknowledge the rank of his unfortunate guest, by such respect and honours as he was able, in that situation, to pay to his memory. He accordingly ordered a cannon to be fired every half hour, till the body should be deposited on board the ship destined to convey it to England, and an apartment to be prepared for the lying in state, according to the custom of the place, with his body-guard to attend, with a detachment from the regiment. The preparations were made in the largest apartment of the palace, which was hung with black; a high canopy was erected in the middle of black and silver, with a representation of a coffin of the same, upon six stages or steps of black, on each side of which were a row of tapers in large gold and silver candlesticks; on the coffin a silver pillow, with a coronet upon it; the sword of the deceased next on the coffin, and then the garter, George, and star. On the ground a row of torches round the whole. Two mutes stood at each side, and Colonel Morrison, and the other gentlemen of his Royal Highness's suite attended behind them. At the setting out of the procession for the water side, a signal was made for the Montreal frigate, which was destined to receive the remains of his Royal Highness, to fire minute guns, till the body should be received on board. As it came out of the palace, the Prince of Monaco's regiment was drawn up, their drums in black, and the officers with crape. At the water side was the frigate's long boat, with a canopy for the body covered with black, and the royal standard hoisted half staff high; this was towed by the captain's barge, with the mutes in it; behind was the commodore's barge, with his Royal Highness's servants, and two more barges for the remaining officers. The Prince of Monaco continued at the water side till the whole was on board, when the royal standard was hoisted half mast high, and the minute guns ceased: the garrison fired two rounds of cannon, and the regiment two rounds of running fire.

As soon as advice was received of the arrival of the corpse at the Nore, a coffin covered with crimson velvet, with silver nails and handles, and a plate containing the titles of his Royal Highness, was sent down to that place, when the corpse, inclosed in a leaden coffin, was taken out of that in which it had been conveyed from Italy, and put into the new one. A beautiful urn, covered in the same manner as the coffin, and lined with white satin, was sent down, in which the bowels of his Royal Highness were deposited.

As the ceremonial of the interment of his Royal Highness differed in no material respect from that of his Royal Uncle, given in our last number, we think it unnecessary to insert it, and shall therefore conclude this sketch with a brief delineation of his character.

The DUKE of YORK, like the other branches of his illustrious family, was distinguished for his affability and condescension, and endeared himself to all ranks of people by his humanity and generosity. He was fond of society, and pursued with ardour, the pleasures which youth, rank, and fortune command. He was particularly kind and tender to his domestics, who regarded him with the most real affection, and lamented his loss with the most unfeigned sorrow. He was a lover of the fine arts, and had made considerable proficiency in music. In his profession his Royal Highness was brave and skilful, and his knowledge of maritime affairs was very considerable, so that had he lived, and had opportunities been afforded him, he might have rendered his country as essential services by sea, as his illustrious uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, had by land. In a word, his Royal Highness was beloved and respected in his life, and his untimely loss threw a general gloom over the nation.

PRINCE LOUIS ANTOINE HENRI DE BOURBON-CONDE, DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

(Concluded from page 12.)

THE amiable, as well as the warlike, virtues shone throughout the character of the Duke D'Enghien. His conduct towards the enemy was so heroic, his clemency to the prisoners who fell into his hands so admirable, that he conciliated the esteem, not only of his friends, and his own soldiers, but the gratitude and reverence of the misguided French. Whenever he appeared within sight of the republican outposts, the soldiers pressed forward to see him; and those of the enemy who knew his person, pointed him out to those who had only heard of his virtues. Some of these unfortunate enthusiasts would venture to address him with a few words of respect; and when he answered, they listened with breathless attention to his reply. Some have been seen to withdraw shedding tears; and it was very evident that had it been in their power to yield to the impulse of their feelings, they would have been recalled to their duty, their king, and their country. A young hero, who terrible in the field, but gentle when the battle ceased; who never looked on the vanquished as his enemies, but crowned victory by deeds of mercy; this hero persuaded them to return; this hero taught them by example, as well as by words, what it was to be loyal, brave, and glorious—and, with breaking hearts, they left his truth, to obey the falsehood whose machinations bound them in chains.

All mankind shared his charity. Eager to protect the property and lives of those persons whose country became the seat of war, he was ever attentive to put a stop to wanton devastation. The inhabitants of Munich will never forget his active exertions to quench the flames of that city, when the shells from the enemy set it on fire; and the generosity with which he sent pecuniary relief to the poor sufferers, still is registered by their grateful prayers.

On entering winter-quarters, to prepare for the campaign of 1797, he would not grant himself that repose which his constitution demanded, but proceeded to examine the works of Kehl; and when those duties were over, his leisure time was occupied in reading, and the society of the most estimable officers in his army. The treaty of Leoben put a stop to the exertions of his valour, but did not repress his activity: he availed himself of the leisure it afforded him, to make a journey on foot through Switzerland. He visited all the wonderous beauties of that sublime and interesting country; traversed the most inaccessible parts of those tremendous mountains; and while his guides stood afar off, trembling at his daring, they beheld with admiration, the agility of his steps, and the intrepid gaiety he displayed in the midst of dangers that might have paralized the boldest heart. The young Bourbon, like the youthful Hercules, was nursed in peril: sweet were his smiles when he grasped the hydras of rebellion and war; and jocund his voice while he mounted the breach, leapt the fosse, or scaled the precipitous glaciers of Switzerland. His soul was wound up to mighty deeds, and only felt *itself*, when surrounded by toil, achievement and victory.

In the month of October, 1797, the army of which, for two years he had with so invincible a courage commanded the vanguard, was ordered to march towards Russian Poland:—the Duke D'Enghien flew to his quarters, and, entrusted with his usual post of honour, throughout the long and fatiguing journey, displayed his judgment in preventing disorder, and providing for want. Whilst he remained in Volhynia, he imparted a portion of his own knowledge and spirit to the fine body of dragoons which the Emperor Paul had formed for him, out of the old Muscovite horse. The lessons he gave them, are still the pride of that regiment, and are regarded in Russia, as the most valuable pledge of friendship ever received from the House of Bourbon.

The army, when recalled, in 1799, to the banks of the Rhine, seemed to have nothing to do but to share in the successes which the allies had already obtained; but on arriving at th end of a military march of more than three months, these animating hopes were suddenly destroyed by the issue of the battle of Zurich. Evil as the portent was, yet the laurels of the Duke D'Enghien did not wither. He and his brave army were able to add to their glory by the celerity with which they gained certain advantageous posts, and the unshakeable resolution with which they maintained their ground against a multitudinous superiority of numbers,

General Suwarrow witnessed the prowess of our young hero, and passed the warmest encomiums upon his foresight, intrepidity, and conduct.

The extraordinary campaign of 1800, in which the enemy obtained such amazing successes, sometimes by arms, and at other times by negociation, confirmed the reputation of the Duke D'Enghien, for wisdom and heroic independence of soul. Like the virtuous Gustavus the Fourth of Sweden, at no season, nor under any circumstance, would he allow "the mark of a "beast" to be stamped on his forehead.—*Honour* was written there by the hand of God, and no garbling of man's additions were ever admitted to deface it.

The French who fought against him, did not conceal the esteem which his character inspired. They had witnessed his unconquered bravery; and many of them had felt the noble manner in which he hastened to the relief of those whom the chances of war made his prisoners. Amongst various incidents of the kind, he once, by accident, heard, how warmly he was beloved by his misled countrymen. After the battle of the first of December, in the campaign of 1800, as he returned to his house at Rosenheim (a town of Bavaria), he passed over many of the slain enemy; one he perceived to exhibit signs of life: on stooping down to see farther, he found by the dress of the object of his commiseration, that he was a French officer; he ordered him to be immediately conveyed to his quarters, and to be put in his own bed. Owing to the crowd of the Condé officers that were in the house, he had no second bed for himself, but sat watching by the wounded prisoner. After the necessary attendance had been paid by the surgeons, they withdrew, and the Prince was left alone with the invalid. The poor man, totally ignorant who was his preserver, broke out in the most animated expressions of gratitude: the Duke strove to restrain him, but he still went on, and at length exclaimed—"Happy army of "Condé, whose officers are all brave and humane!—All follow the example of their "great young leader!—Ah, Sir, my noble "protector, I were favoured indeed, could I, "before I die, but once behold the face "of the Duke D'Enghien!—Had all the "Princes been like him, virtuous, brave, and "merciful, France would not now have been "a Republic, nor I have been your enemy." "Do you love the Duke D'Enghien?" inquired the Prince. "All men love him;" replied the officer; "and I do from my soul." "Then he thanks you:" cried the Duke, grasping his hand.—"But to love him truly, "you must love his king—I live but for my "Sovereign, or to die in his defence." The republican officer burst into a flood of tears, and bathing the Prince's hands with that oblation of the heart—murmured out vows of gratitude, repentance, loyalty, and admiration.

The campaign lasted nearly a month longer, which was passed in forced marches, and battles day and night. In vain the rigours of the season commanded them to cease hostilities; the horrors of a severe climate amongst the ice-covered mountains of Stiria, and the tremendous stations which formed the theatre of war, might add to its terrors, but in the dauntless D'Enghein, it created no additional alarm. His powers seemed to increase in proportion to his danger; and the heights of Stiria, raised trophies to his fame, that might rival those of Friburgh. One bright track was his life from its morning uprise, to its glorious meridian—and from its meridian, from a sphere of glory he fell—he was rifled—he was ravished from the field of renown on earth, to be stationed in a throne of immortality for ever, in Heaven.

The 25th of December, 1800, the day on which the preliminaries of peace were signed, terminated the military career of the Duke D'Enghien. But his heart had soon more painful conflicts to support. His soldiers were very dear to him. He heard that an order for disbanding his army had arrived: he witnessed the grief of a number of brave men, turned out of their employments, destitute of resources, and doubtful whether they should find an asylum. The compassionate Prince talked to them with the consolatory affection of a brother; and devoted so large a sum to his charitable purpose, that the private soldiers in his army, adding his benevolence to what they received from other sources, departed with fifty crowns as the portion of each individual. Since that period, though separated from the companions of his toils, he was never unmindful of their welfare: very many owe their lengthened existence to his kindness; and required no recommendation, but that of the claimant having been a brave soldier and a virtuous man.

The peace being concluded, he retired in 1801, to Ettenheim. There, dividing his hours between the study of the *Belles Lettres*, the cultivation of his garden, and the enjoyment of friendship, he received, in common with the other Princes of the Blood Royal of France, the proposition of Bonaparte, for the heirs of that family, to give him a written resignation

of all claims to the French throne. The answer of the gallant son of Bourbon, the worthy posterity of the Great Condé, ought to be recorded for ever in hearts of loyalty and spotless honour. It is addressed to Louis the XVIIIth, and was written from Baden, March the 22d, 1803. These are its simple and noble contents:

"Sire!

"The letter of the 2d of March, with which "your Majesty has vouchsafed to honour me, "reached me in due time. Your Majesty is "too well acquainted with the blood which "flows in my veins, to have entertained a mo- "ment's doubt respecting the tenor and spirit "of the answer which your Majesty calls for. "I am a Frenchman, Sire! and a Frenchman "faithful to his God, to his king, to the oaths "that are binding to his honour: many may, "perhaps, one day, envy me this triple ad- "vantage. Will your Majesty, therefore, "vouchsafe to permit me to annex my signa- "ture to that of the Duke of D'Angoulême, "adhering, as I do, with him, in heart and "soul to the contents of the note of my Sove- "reign? It is in these invariable sentiments "that I remain, Sire!

"Your Majesty's most humble,

"Most obedient, and very faithful Servant,

"*Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon.*"

Short was his repose after this magnanimous declaration of his adhesion to the fortunes of his unhappy Sovereign: exactly a twelvemonth from the day in which he dates it, was that outrage committed on his sacred person, in the privileged sanctuary of a neutral state, which, even at this moment, is regarded with detestation by every civilized people. In contempt of public faith, and the law of nations, the illustrious victim was surrounded and carried off in the middle of the night. In the middle of the night he was brought to his last prison; and in a few hours afterwards, a hasty and secret deliberation—a few men, without name, without proof of an alleged crime, clandestinely assembled in a remoted spot; without a supported accusation, or an authority, doomed to death the young, the virtuous, the glorious Duke D'Enghien, the most worthy descendant of the conquerors of Ferizolles and Rocroy. To consummate their crime, they waited for the darkness again to cover the earth before they committed a deed which might have made the sun blush. Well may poets feign that that pure orb looks red with shame and indignation, when treason plucks virtuous Princes from their throne and life. A treason, worse than that which murdered Cæsar in the senate, now menaced the existence of the Duke D'Enghien; and, from the interval which passed between his condemnation to his assassination, he was treated with the most barbarous insults. Like savages, feasting their eyes on the prisoner, whose mangled body is to glut their horrid appetite—Murat, Hulin, and their accomplices, not contented with the prospect of shedding the blood of their illustrious victim, strove all in their inhuman power, to put his noble mind to similar torture: but that was beyond their influence; they might torment and slay his body, but his soul was invulnerable and immortal, and disdained their efforts.

Thus was he loaded with heavy chains, laid in a miserable dungeon, with no couch to rest on, but a truss of straw; and when fatigue overpowered his senses to close his eyes for a moment, the detestable men around him (who were alike his guards, his judges, and his intended executioners), roused him immediately from his transitory oblivion; determining that no repose should visit his wearied spirit till he slept the sleep of death! The deed was worthy the character of him who commanded it; and of the barbarous ignorance, or demoniac malice of those who brought it to an end; all was falsehood and imposture. Here follow the accusations, and let the candid judge for themselves:

First—The Duke D'Enghien was accused of having taken up arms against the French Republic.

Second—Of having offered his services to the English Government, who were inimical to the French people.

Third—Of having received, with honour, the agents of the said English Government; of having afforded them the means of procuring intelligence in France; and of having conspired with them against the external safety of the State.

Fourth—Of having placed himself at the head of a number of French and other Emigrants, kept in pay by the English, and assembled on the frontiers of France, in the countries of Friburg and Baden.

Fifth—Of having taken measures in Strasburgh, intended to create an insurrection among the neighbouring departments, in order to produce a division favourable to England.

Sixth—Of being one of the favourers and accomplices of the conspiracy entered into by the English, against the life of the First Consul;

and intending to return to France, if such conspiracy proved successful.—Is HE GUILTY?

The first and second charges are absurd in the extreme. According to this jurisprudence, there is not one of the Princes of Europe, who, since the Revolution, might not, on the same plea, have been seized by Bonaparte, and put to death. The third is false: neither written proofs nor witnesses of any sort were produced, or even mentioned, to give the slightest colour to the accusation. The fourth is a notorious imposture. The assembling of emigrants in Germany, who were in English pay, never took place but in the deceiving imaginations of the French Republican Governors.

The fifth is likewise false. The Prince D'Enghien had never been at Strasburgh before he was taken there by the ravagers, who hurried him to that place in their way to Vincennes. The folly of the charge only equals its malignancy; for can we suppose that a man of the Duke's understanding would attempt, without instructions from some superior power, (which has never been even pretended) without agents, without accomplices, without money, without troops, would have thought for a moment on seizing one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and garrisoned with some of the ablest soldiers? The wretches, who acted as judges, having afore doomed their prisoner, framed the third and fourth charges, merely to palliate the absurdity of the fifth: the third was devised to give some credit to the accusation, that the treasures of England were in the hand of the Duke D'Enghien; and the fourth was fabricated, to ground belief that he had a formidable force at his command. Fools! to believe words which ocular evidence denied! Where were his soldiers, when he was seized, bound, and carried a captive into France?—Innocent sacrificed Prince!—Thy virtues are yet unatoned to thy bleeding country.—All the laurels of its conqueror cannot conceal its wounds, or charm to rest the weeping genius of its fate!

The sixth article is another invention. The Duke D'Enghien was entirely ignorant (as his letters to various confidential friends evince) of all that related to the landing of Pichegru in France, and of his designs, and of those of all persons connected with him. In short, in the face of every nation, truth, in the cause of one of the most illustrious victims that ever fell, *defies* the men who accuse the Duke D'Enghien, to produce *any single proof*, or any single respectable witness, to convict him of *any one* of the above charges!—And yet, such was the determination to plant the imperial throne of France in his blood, he was denounced *Guilty of them all*, and sentenced to die!—Dark was the transaction, and close the concealment. Bonaparte knew that the virtue of the Prince was his imperious rival: he knew, that like the memory of Saint Louis, his name was still worshipped; and, as he mounted the ladder of ambition, he trembled to see the genius of the Duke D'Enghien occupying its highest step. The Duke must give him place, he must fall; and only darkness and silence could shroud the deed. Had he carried his noble victim before the public tribunals, he would have seen the prisoner surrounded by those soldiers, who, though his enemies, had been the objects of his tenderest commiseration and bounty. Many might have shewn their scars, and have exclaimed:—"'Twas he that closed my bleed-" ing wounds:—Soldiers, rescue him who " saved my life!"—The Prince would have spoken before the people of France; truth would have been his orator; his defence would have been made:—his innocence proved his triumph; his presence, the great ideas attached to his name, all would have struck the nation.—And where would have been his arch-enemy?—Perhaps, at this time, a prisoner in the cells of the Temple!—Where would have been the Duke D'Enghien?—Weep, Frenchmen, weep!—That the mould of Vincennes covers the body of him, which would so nobly have borne the purple of your throne!

When the Prince heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him, he collected his powerful mind; and his body, which, on an instant before, seemed overwhelmed with fatigue, and want of sleep, recovered at once, and he stood forth in full spirit, strength, and beauty, like the bright sun bursting from behind a cloud, determined to make his setting glorious.—He raised his head, with a sublime smile illuminating all his features, and with a composed voice, and steady air, that seemed to command the favours he was about to ask, requested three things of his judges:—first, that he might be allowed a minister of his religion to attend him in his last moments:—second, that he might be permitted to cut off a lock of his hair, and be assured that it should be faithfully given to the person he would name:—and the third, that he might himself give the signal to the soldiers to fire, who were commissioned to put him to death.

The last request was denied; the second was granted; and the first was admitted only on one condition, that the priest they sent, should re-

main with him but an hour, and that their conference should be aloud and in the presence of witnesses.

On the entrance of the minister of God, it was then that our hero was seen to bow; he seemed to lay all his noble pride, all his graceful majesty at the footstool of Heaven: he humbled himself before the sacred character of a priest of the most high; and while he knelt, not thinking it demanded of him by his Almighty Judge, that he should obey the inhuman demand of his executioners to speak audibly, he silently addressed his confession of sins, and prayers for pardon to the Supreme Being, before whose merciful tribunal he should, in a few moments, appear. This act of piety over, he desired to be immediately led out to his fate; but the First Consul thought proper to delay his hour till midnight, that all might, indeed, be accomplished according to the black nature of the murder.

When the shadows of night obscured the Heavens for the sixth time since the Duke D'Enghien had been in the power of his ruthless tyrants, at one o'clock in the morning, (an hour fit for the nefarious act) the order signed by Bonaparte, arrived. The drum was beaten; several Generals of the guard, and of the *Etat-Major* of Murat, had been sent to witness the horrible castrophe, and to stifle any sentiments of pity which might arise in the hearts of the soldiery. Attended by fifty men carrying flambeaus, the procession of death quitted the dungeon of Vincennes. They halted at the entrance of the wood, on the very spot where Saint Louis, (the ancestor, and the example of the young Louis de Bourbon-Condé) in the year 1233, delighted to administer justice to the poorest of his subjects! In that place, after an interval of three hundred and seventy years, fell the bravest and most virtuous of his posterity, murdered by a Corsican Usurper. The agents of this dreadful assassination, were drawn from the dregs of the people; Murat, the son of a village publican; Hulin, once the lackey of the Marquis de Conflans!

Five-and-twenty chosen *gens d'armes* formed a line before the Royal victim. Nine soldiers (falsely apprehended to have been Italians) were placed at three paces from him, and waited the order to fire. The Prince viewed them with an unruffled countenance. He turned calmly to the man who attempted to bandage his eyes; "No, (said he) to the last moment I will face the injustice by which I fall. It is not *now* that I shall shrink from the sight of death." They commaded him to kneel down: He replied, that he "never knelt before any but God." When he looked on the soldiers, he said, "for the honour of my country, I wish that these who are to destroy me, were foreigners!"—Alas! excepting him who was the author, and instigator of his murder, his judges and his executioners were all *Frenchmen!* Perceiving the soldiers look on each other, and hesitate—— "You have not, (said he) spared the blood of your king; can you fear to shed mine?—Do your office." They levelled: he then, with extended arms, and eyes raised to Heaven, cried aloud—"My God! protect the king, and deliver my country from the yoke of strangers!" Scarcely were these affecting words uttered, when the signal was given, and HE FELL! The flower of France, the brightest star of honour, was laid in the dust!

Weep, Gallia weep, for ever weep!
Go hide thy head, and bid the deep
O'er Bourbon's murder'd body sweep,
And hide it from the day.
But no:---his wounds to heav'n shall plead;
No midnight gloom can shroud the deed,
Nor earth, nor ocean, can succeed,
To wash his blood away.

The moon-beam gilds his pallid face,
Cold, cold, he lies in death's embrace;
The forest is his burial place,
Unhallow'd is his grave.
His funeral dirge the breezes sigh,
The flowers his nodding plumes supply,
And monumental oaks on high
Their boughs for banners wave.

Sad, youthful victim, is thy doom;
Low lies thy form within the tomb;
Thy vital sun is set in gloom,
And Heav'n resumes thy breath.
But tho' in earth thy body lies,
Hark! from the grave thy spirit cries:
It calls, it points:---the nations rise;
The tyrant sinks in death!

THEODORE.

HISTORY.

ON THE CHINESE NATION.

(Concluded from page 37.)

SHI-TSU-VU-TI, the son of the rebel general who dethroned the last Emperor, became founder of the seventh dynasty, 264 years after Christ. He kept his court in the province of *Honan*, and is represented by historians to have been a prince of quick apprehension, sound judgment, and a professed enemy to the rank vice of most courts—dissimulation. His reign was disturbed by the warlike preparations of many petty princes, who aspired to the imperial dignity; but his competitors being vanquished, he resigned himself to pleasure, and sunk into a state of indolence and inactivity. The prince who succeeded him being soon found incapable of holding the reins of government, was deposed, and another prince of the same family mounted the throne. The successor of this Emperor, *Whay-ti*, was a prince of such endowments as promised a happy reign, but the ambition of the petty kings did not suffer him to enjoy it long enough. He was attacked by one of his relations; his children slain, and he himself was taken prisoner, and obliged to wait at table upon the usurper in the habit of a slave; and was afterwards put to death. The usurper proved no less unfortunate than his predecessor, being dethroned in the third year of his reign, and banished to a small principality, where the following year he was slain.

Ywen-ti, a grandson of the founder of this dynasty, was chosen to succeed him, and proved a prince of singular moderation and frugality, and was distinguished for his love of learned men. In his reign the court was removed to Nankin, which then became the capital of the empire. After a series of fifteen Emperors, this dynasty terminated in *Kong-ti*, who was strangled in the second year of his reign.

Under the reigns of this last prince and his predecessors, a man of low birth, named *Lyew-hu*, whose employment was travelling about the country and selling shoes, enlisted for a soldier, and became at last a general of a great army, and powerful enough to murder the Emperor, and seize on the imperial dignity. Notwithstanding his mean birth, he had something inexpressible, noble, and majestic in his person and deportment; and was a man of no less frugality than valour. He reigned two years, and was succeeded by his eldest son, *Shau-ti*, who shortly after was deposed, and *Ven-ti*, the third son of the founder of this dynasty, mounted the throne. He was a prince, in many respects, of a good disposition, but so much attached to the bonzas, that his subjects revolted against him, and after having suffered many dreadful defeats, he was at length murdered in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and thirteenth of his reign, by his eldest son. The parricide fell by the hands of his next brother, who immediately revenged his father's death.

Shun-ti, the eighth Emperor of this dynasty, fell a sacrifice to the ambition of his prime minister, by whom he was murdered in the second year of his reign, and fourteenth of his age, and with him terminated the family *Lyew-hu*, 479 years after Christ.

Kau-ti, who had thus infamously made his way to the throne, did not long enjoy the fruit of his crimes, dying in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and fourth of his reign. He was more remarkable for his learning than his military exploits; and used to say, that if he could but reign ten years, he would make gold as cheap as dirt. Being one day dressed in a habit set over with precious stones, he, on a sudden, ordered them to be beaten into powder, saying, "that they were only fit to inspire a man with "luxury and avarice." His son, *Vu-ti*, began his reign with enacting a famous law, that no mandarin should hold a place longer than three years; and revived an old one, which forbad intermarriages between persons of the same name. In his reign appeared the impious philosopher, *Fan-chin*, who taught that all the events in the world were the mere effect of chance, that the soul dies with the body, and that the state of men after death is the same with that of brutes. This dynasty terminated in the fifth Emperor, 502 years after Christ.

Syau-ywen, who obtained the imperial dignity by the blood of the two preceding Emperors, was well qualified for his station, be-

ing active, vigilant, and quick in the dispatch of business. He was learned, warlike, and frugal; but towards the conclusion of his reign, he became so fond of the bonzas, that he neglected the affairs of state, and even became one of that order himself. His reign was marked by wars, famine, and pestilence, which destroyed vast multitudes of his subjects. His prime minister, in a fit of discontent at being obliged to serve a tyrant and usurper, starved himself to death; which, when the Emperor heard, he cried out, "Do I not hold my crown "of Heaven? Am I beholden for it to my "grandees? What occasion then had that un- "fortunate man to destroy himself?"

In the latter part of his reign, *Hew-king*, sovereign of *Honan*, his vassal and tributary, revolted from him; and having made himself master of Nankin, seized upon the Emperor's person. The captive prince appeared before his conqueror with such majestic intrepidity, that he was not able to look him in the face, but, in a kind of dread, cried out, "I could "not have believed it so hard to resist a power "which Heaven has established." Not daring to imbrue his hands in his blood, he condemned him to a more lingering death, by ordering part of his food to be retrenched every day. The unhappy monarch called for a little honey just before his death, and being denied it, expired in a few hours.

His successor was put to death by *Hew-king*, who, in his turn, experienced the reverse of fortune, being defeated by *Ywen-ti*, the seventh son of *Syau-ywen*, by whose orders he was beheaded. This Emperor was attached to the religion of Fo; and while infatuated with the superstitious dreams of the bonzas, his prime minister attacked him in his capital. The superstitious monarch, awakened at length from his reverie, flew to arms, and hastened to the city rampart, but viewing the formidable preparations of the insurgents, he concluded all was lost, broke his sword, and burnt his library, consisting of one hundred and forty thousand volumes. This done, he went and surrendered himself to the conqueror, who slew him in the third year of his reign, and forty-seventh of his age. He likewise put his son to death, with whom expired the tenth dynasty, 557 years after Christ.

The founder of the eleventh dynasty, like his predecessors, was extremely attached to the bonzas. His brother *Venti*, who succeeded him, though he had lived privately till he came to the crown, soon shewed himself to be a prince of excellent qualities, and gained the love of his subjects. This Emperor ordered the night watches to be distinguished by the beat of a drum, which method has been observed in China ever since. His race produced five Emperors, the last of whom was dethroned by the prime minister of the western empire, in the year 590.

Kau-tsu-venti, who now mounted the throne, was descended from a noble family. The penetration of his judgment made amends for his want of learning, and his moderation and temperance gained him the love of his subjects. He reformed music and rhetoric, which, in the preceding reigns so full of civil discord, had fallen into decay; and ever alive to the welfare of his subjects, he caused public granaries to be built and stored for the support of the poor in time of famine. He was inexorable against corrupt judges, and made a law that punished the smallest larcenies with death; but this being thought too severe, it was afterwards repealed. But notwithstanding all his merit as a sovereign, his death was unhappy. He designed his eldest son, a prince of no merit, for his successor, which so exasperated his second son *Yang-ti*, that he murdered them both, and, by a double parricide mounted the throne.

Yang-ti forbad his subjects to carry arms about them, which policy has been in force ever since. He commissioned one hundred learned men to revise all books treating of war, politics, physic, and agriculture; and likewise founded the degree of doctor to qualify both the military and literary men for their respective employments. In his wars he was victorious, but was at length assassinated in his progress through the southern provinces.

Kong-ti, his successor, was crowned and dethroned the same year (619) by *Li-ywen*. The son of this man, at the head of his father's army, entered the palace, and having viewed the magnificence of it, exclaimed with a deep sigh, "No; such a stately edifice must not be suf- "fered to stand any longer, being good for no- "thing but to soften the spirit of a prince, and "cherish his viscious inclinations." So saying, he ordered it immediately to be reduced to ashes. *Li-ywen* ordered copper coin to be struck, and caused one hundred thousand bonzas to marry to increase the population of the empire. After reigning nine years, this monarch resigned his crown to his second son *Tay-tsong*, esteemed by the Chinese one of the greatest and wisest princes that ever sat on their throne. He was frugal, temperate, and learned; and so strict a lover of justice, that, in a season of scarcity, he published an edict, ordering all his faults to

be laid before him, that by amending them he might avert the anger of heaven. When once, in the second year of his reign, he saw the fields covered with devouring locusts, he cried out with a deep sigh, "Alas! I would much "rather that you would devour my own bowels, "than thus destroy the harvest and lives of my "poor subjects." He caused an academy to be erected for military exercises, at which he often assisted; and being reminded by his ministers of the danger that might result to his person, he nobly replied, "I look upon my- "self in my empire as a father in his family; "and I carry my subjects in my bosom as my "children; what have I then to fear?" In the tenth year of his reign he lost his Empress, for whom he grieved most immoderately, and erected a most superb monument to her memory, but being reprehended for it by his minister, he caused it to be demolished. His minister dying soon after, he caused a noble encomium of his own composition to be engraven on his tomb; and on this occasion turning to his courtiers, he said, "We have three "sorts of mirrors; the first for the ladies to "dress themselves by; the second are the ancient "volumes, treating of the rise, progress, and fall "of empires; and the last wise men, by whose "example we ought to form our own conduct. "I possessed this last mirror in the person of "my minister: alas! he is now no more, and I "shall never find his equal again."

The thirteenth dynasty contained a succession of twenty Emperors, and ended in 907. Then followed a rapid succession of five dynasties and wars, tumults, massacres and revolts, the usual concomitants of repeated changes of government. *Tay-tsu*, the founder of the nineteenth dynasty, in 960, put a stop to the distractions of the empire. He proved worthy of his exaltation, and possessed all the qualities requisite to render a great state flourishing and happy. He ordered the four gates of his palace, which fronted the four cardinal points of the compass, to be always open, that his house as well as his heart might be open to all his subjects.

During a severe winter, reflecting what hardships his army, then engaged on the northern frontiers of the empire, were likely to suffer, he pulled off his fur gown, and sent it to their general, telling him that he wished it was in his power to do the like to every soldier. A still stronger proof of his affection for his subjects was given at the siege of Nankin. Reflecting upon the dreadful slaughter that would be made in it, as it was upon the point of surrender, he feigned himself sick. His generals, alarmed at his disorder, surrounded his bed, every one proposing some remedy to him. To whom he answered, "The only remedy that can "effectually cure me, is in your power alone: "swear to me that you will not shed the blood "of the citizens." They swore accordingly, and the Emperor immediately appeared in health. Though all possible precautions were taken to restrain the soldiers, so that there were but few slain, yet those few drew a flood of tears from him; and as the city had, besides a long siege, suffered greatly from famine, he immediately sent one hundred thousand measures of rice to be distributed among the inhabitants.

Ching-tsong, the third son of the above monarch, succeeded to his throne. In his reign an account was taken of all the people employed in agriculture, and they were found to amount to about twenty-two millions. A comet having appeared in the beginning of his reign, which was deemed to portend some calamity, he ordered, as usual, all his faults to be laid before him, that he might avert the omen; and at the same time remitted ten millions of the taxes, and set thirteen thousand prisoners at liberty; and a son being born to him at this time, he attributed that long wished for blessing to the favour of heaven, which he now considered as pacified by his religious and charitable deeds: and the subjects looked upon the whole as a good omen of a prosperous reign; though it proved otherwise from his excessive weakness, and attachment to the delusions of magic and other pernicious superstitions.

Che-tsong, the seventh prince of this dynasty, who mounted the throne in 1086, banished all the worshippers of images from his dominions, and endeavoured to restore the pure theology of the ancient Chinese. His minister presented a memorial to him, containing the ten following noble rules for the guide of his conduct in the government of the state:—Fear heaven; love your subjects; strive after perfection; apply yourself to the sciences; employ persons of merit; readily hear advice; lessen the taxes; mitigate the severity of punishments; shun profusion; and detest debauchery.

The princes of the nineteenth dynasty filled the throne of China, in a succession of eighteen emperors, till the year 1276, when the forces of the infant Emperor *Tiping* being totally defeated by the Tartars, the minister to whose care the young sovereign was committed, seeing his ship surrounded by Tartar vessels, and his royal charge in danger of falling into the

hands of his enemies, took him up in his arms and plunged into the sea with him. The distracted Empress and most of the grandees followed his example; and it is affirmed that upwards of one hundred thousand Chinese perished in this fight, either by the sword or by water, into which the greater part threw themselves in despair.

Shi-tsu, the founder of the twentieth dynasty, though a Tartar, and the first foreign prince that ever reigned over the Chinese nation, yet found a most effectual way of reconciling them to his government, and even of endearing himself to them, by keeping as close as possible to their ancient laws and customs, by his equity and justice, by his love and regard to learned men, and by his fatherly tenderness to all his new subjects; insomuch, that, to the present time, the reign of this family is styled *the wise government*. *Shi-tsu* caused a declaration to be published, that all persons should continue in the same posts and dignities which they enjoyed in the preceding reign; but many of the Chinese nobles refused his offer, and preferred a voluntary death to an honourable servitude. Under this prince the famous canal was cut, which extends nine hundred miles in length.

Shun-ti, who succeeded to the crown in 1333, was the ninth and last of this Tartar race that reigned in China; and as his ancestors acquired and maintained it by their valour and good conduct, so he lost it by his opposite qualities. He was by nature not destitute of parts, but indolent and effeminate, and having sent for the lamas of Tartary, they quickly filled his palace with female singers and dancers, and introduced idolatry and magic, together with lewdness and debauchery, which corrupted all his good qualities. In the fourteenth year of his reign, a Chinese, named *Chu*, who had occupied the humble post of servant of a monastry of Bonzas, joined a numerous company of revolters, and being a man of superior talents, became their chief; and taking advantage of the disorders prevalent at court, made himself master of many considerable cities, and afterwards of entire provinces. Having defeated the imperial army in a great battle, his success soon drew vast numbers of Chinese into his army, with which having crossed the yellow river without opposition, he easily subdued every place in his progress, and meeting, at length, with the imperial army, cut it to pieces. The Emperor, who fled to the north, died two years afterwards, and there appearing no competitor for the imperial throne, it was mounted by *Chu*, who assumed the name of *Tay-tsu*, and in 1368 became the founder of the twenty-first dynasty.

The new Emperor fixed his court at Nankin; and the year following made himself master of Pekin, after one day's siege, erecting that country into a sovereignty, which he gave to his fourth son. His court was soon crowded with ambassadors, who came from all parts to congratulate him, particularly from Korea, Japan, Formosa, the Phillipine islands, and other neighbouring states; but his joy was soon allayed by the death of the Empress, to whose wise counsels, he said, he was indebted for his crown. He was a Prince of great wisdom and penetration, and no less eminent for his piety than those qualities, if we may believe the Chinese historians, who tell us, when his subjects were afflicted with a drought, he ascended a high mountain where he remained three whole days, until by his prayers he had obtained plenty of rain.

Ching-tsu, the second of his successors, was a generous and magnanimous prince, but much dreaded on account of the cruelties which stained the commencement of his reign. He obliged a great number of bonzas who had taken the habit of that order before they were forty years of age to quit their convents; and ordered all the books of chemistry which treated of the *elixir vitæ* to be destroyed. He was an encourager of learned men (a character rarely to be found among crowned heads), and caused some philosophical works to be published, explanatory of the ancient classical books. When some fine precious stones were brought to him from a mine lately discovered, he ordered it to be shut again, alleging that it only fatigued his people with useless toil, as these stones, however admired, could never feed or clothe his people in time of scarcity.

The catastrophe of this dynasty, which ended with the thirteenth Emperor, was announced and preceded by continual commotions during several reigns. Under that of *Whay-tsong*, two rebels arose, who divided the empire, but soon turned their arms against each other. From the issue of this dispute one only remained, called *Li*, who marched into the provinces of *Shensi* and *Honan*, where he put to death all the mandarins and persons in office, and shewed favour to none except the populace, whom he freed from all taxes. By this means he drew so many of the imperial army to his interest, that he deemed himself sufficiently powerful to assume the title of Emperor. He next advanced towards the capital, which, though strongly garrisoned, was divided

into factions, and into which he had found means to convey a sufficient number of his own men in disguise, who were to open the gates to him on his first appearance. They did so accordingly on the third day, when he entered the city in triumph, at the head of three hundred thousand men. In the mean while the infatuated Emperor kept himself shut up in his palace, ignorant of what was passing without, and amusing himself with bonzaic superstitions. It was not long, however, before he found himself betrayed, and made every effort to get out of the palace, with about six hundred of his guards. But he was treacherously abandoned by them, and soon found himself deprived of all hopes of escaping the fury and insults of his rebel subjects. Preferring death to the ignominy of falling alive into their hands, he retired with his beloved Empress into a private and distant part of the gardens, without uttering a word. That princess, however, too well apprehended his meaning; and, after a few tender, but silent embraces, retired and hanged herself. The Emperor, pierced to the heart at the melancholy spectacle, opened a vein, and wrote, with his blood, on the border of his vest, the following words; "I have been "basely deserted by my subjects; do what you "will with me, but spare my people." He then cut off the head of the princess, and hanged himself on another tree. His prime minister, queens, and faithful eunuchs, soon followed his example, and thus with his life mournfully finished the Chinese monarchy to give place to that of the Tartars, who have reigned over the whole empire ever since with an absolute sway.

When the body of the unfortunate *Whay-tsong* was brought before the rebel *Li*, as he sat upon the throne, it was treated with the utmost indignity, and the usurper caused two of the deceased Emperor's sons and all his ministers to be put to death; but the eldest son escaped by flight. All the nobles and princes of the empire readily submitted to the usurper, except prince *U-san-ghey*, who commanded the imperial forces in the province of *Lyan-tong*. *Li*, marched against him with a formidable army, and having invested the seat of that prince's government, the more effectually to induce him to surrender, shewed him his father loaded with fetters, and swore that he should be instantly sacrificed if he refused to submit. The brave prince, when he beheld his father in that condition, burst into tears, and, falling upon his knees, prayed to heaven to forgive him if he sacrificed his filial duty to his allegiance to his sovereign. The good old man, understanding the intentions of his son, by the signs he made, applauded his resolution, and cheerfully submitted to his fate. *U-san-ghey*, resolving at once to revenge his sovereign and his father, concluded a peace with the Manchew, or Eastern Tartars, and invited them to his assistance against the usurper. *Tong-te*, their king, joined him immediately, upon which the usurper raised the siege, and marched to Pekin. Not thinking himself safe there, he plundered and burnt the palace, and with immense treasure, fled with his troops into the province of *Shen-si*, no less loaded with the execrations of the people, than with the spoils of the imperial city. What became of the usurper afterwards is not certainly known, but he is generally thought to have fallen in an engagement with *U-san-ghey*.

Tson-te died almost as soon as he had entered China, after he had declared his son *Shun-chi* his successor. The young prince was afterwards conducted to Pekin, and received with the acclamations of the people, as their great deliverer. This memorable revolution, which put an end to the twenty-first dynasty, and to the Chinese race of sovereigns, and made way a second time for that of the Eastern Tartars, who continue to the present day on the throne, happened in the year 1644. *Shun-chi* governed greatly to the satisfaction of his subjects. He was a wise, generous, and affable prince, and attached the Chinese to his person, by the respect he paid to their ancient usages. In his reign the Roman Catholic Missionaries were favourably received at court, and some of them even attended him in his last illness. He died in 1662, and was succeeded by his son *Kang-hi*, a prince of many eminent virtues, but who, in the latter part of his reign, sullied his character by many severe edicts against his Christian subjects. He was succeeded in 1722, by *Yong-chin*, a well-informed prince, but averse to the Missionaries, whom he accused of fomenting commotions in some of his provinces. In one of his conferences with them, he is reported to have spoken to those reverend Fathers to the following effect:—"What would you "say," said he to them, "if I were to send "a company of bonzas and lamas into your "country to preach our law? Would you re-"ceive them? And would you have all the "Chinese to become Christians? Your faith "requires it, I know. But in that case what "would be our lot? the subjects of your "kings, the proselytes which you make, "acknowledge only you. In case of any dis-

"turbance, they would attend to no voice but "your's. I know that at present, there is no "cause for apprehension; but when your ships "shall arrive by thousands, then they may "probably occasion much confusion."

Yong-chin died in 1736, and was succeeded by *Kien-long*, the late emperor, to whom a splendid embassy was sent from this country in 1792, but which was unable to affect its objects. *Kien-long*, after a happy, prosperous, and flourishing reign of sixty-three years, died on the 11th of February, 1799, and was succeeded by *Ka-hing*, the present Emperor, and fifth of the Tartar dynasty. The policy of the Chinese government at present seems to be, to exclude Europeans from obtaining any footing in their dominions. The intercourse which the British nation maintains with them through the medium of the port of Canton, is restricted by many imposts and limitations, and the jealousy of the Chinese is perpetually adding to their number and oppressiveness, so that some doubt may not unreasonably be entertained, how long we shall be able, or the Chinese allow us, to carry on a commerce with them.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ANALYSIS OF LONGINUS'S TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME.

(*Continued from page* 18.)

WE re-commence our notice on the subject of this admirable work, by performing the promise under which we, in a former number, bound ourselves to furnish our readers, with a short outline of the Author's life.

Longinus was born at Athens, and flourished toward the close of the third century from the Christian æra. He was the most celebrated personage of his time in the pursuits of taste and eloquence, and the single treatise which remains to us from his pen, is sufficient to prove that his celebrity was merited. Throughout the whole of it reigns a sound judgment, an animated style, and a tone of eloquence admirably suited to the subject. The famous Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, who struggled so unsuccessfully against the prevailing arms of the Emperor Aurelian, had summoned Longinus to her court, in order to take lessons of him in the Greek language and in general philosophy, and discovering superior talents in her master, she had made him her principal minister. When, after the loss of a great battle against the Romans, she was compelled to shut herself within her capital, and received from Aurelian a summons to surrender. Longinus was the person who instigated her to her glorious and extreme defence, and who dictated to her that noble answer which history has still preserved to us. That answer cost Longinus his life. Aurelian, conqueror, master of the city of Palmyra and of Zenobia, reserved the Queen to grace his triumph, and sent Longinus to instant execution. He carried to the place of his punishment the same courage which he had communicated to the Queen, and his death reflected as much honour upon the greatness of the philosopher, as disgrace upon the cruelty of the tyrant. He left behind him many works, of which we now have only the titles: they were all upon questions of criticism and taste.

What we stated in a former number concerning the exordium of Longinus, makes it tolerably evident that he did not mean to treat of the sublime, understood in the sense under which we received it in the earlier part of our former essay, for in that sense, how could he say that there is an art of the sublime? We cannot suppose that so judicious a man would hazard such an assertion. A man of tolerable capacity may, with industry, learn to *write well*; but certainly there is no learning *to be sublime*. He says there are five principal things which contribute towards the sublime: a happy boldness of thought; enthusiasm of passion; the employment of figures; the choice of words, or elocution; and that which the ancients called composition, that is to say, the arrangement of words, as far as respects metre and harmony. But all these points, except the first, may unite in a work, without producing a sublime stroke, which, with a single word, transports

the mind: while on the other hand, this single word may be found in a work which otherwise has no kind of merit.

Longinus, though he has not precisely defined the sublime, has, with great justness, explained its characteristic, and with great energy traced its effects.

"Simple persuasion," says he, "operates "upon us with an agreeable impression, by "which we allow ourselves to be voluntarily "led away: but the sublime forces us with an "irresistible power. it commands us like a "master; it strikes us like a thunderbolt.

"The mind is naturally elevated on the perception of what is sublime. She is, as it "were, transported beyond herself, and swells "with a proud kind of joy as if she had produced that which she has just heard." This is certainly speaking worthily of the sublime. He adds, "That is good which "leaves to the mind much to imagine; which "makes an impression that is not to be resisted: and of which we preserve a profound "and indelible remembrance." It is to be observed, that the author makes use indifferently of the words *grand*, *sublime*, and many other synonyms, to express the same idea: which is an additional argument for the sense in which we maintain that the sublime is here to be considered.

As to the two first sources of the sublime, elevation of thought, and energy of sentiment and passion, he very judiciously avows that these are rather gifts of nature than acquirements of art. He justly reprehends Cæcilius for not having included the pathetic among the different species of the sublime. "Cæcilius was very "much mistaken," observes our author, "if "he supposed that the one was foreign to the "other. I am bold to affirm, that there is "nothing in eloquence so great as a passion "strongly expressed and appropriately managed: there it is, that expression rises to "enthusiasm and resembles inspiration."

He returns to what he has before said concerning that pre-disposition to the sublime, which must be held from nature. "It may, "however, be strengthened and nourished by "the habit of filling the soul only with honourable and noble sentiments. It is impossible "that a mind always bent down to mean "objects, can produce any thing that may be "worthy of admiration and formed for posterity. Nothing is inserted in our writings "but what is drawn from ourselves, and the "sublime is, as it were, the sound from the "repercussion of a great mind.

It is from the Iliad that Longinus most willingly chooses his examples of grand ideas and grand images; for he appears to consider them as springing from the same source, the faculty of conceiving strongly. We cannot be astonished at this preference for Homer, who, of all poets, was the most fertile in this way. One of the passages of which Longinus treats, is taken from the beginning of the twentieth Book of the Iliad. It is the moment in which Jupiter has given to the Gods permission to interfere in the contest of the Greeks and Trojans, and to descend into the field of battle. He, in person, gives the signal, by sounding his thunder from the height of the heavens; and Neptune, striking the earth with his trident, shakes the summits of Ida and the towers of Troy. The instance of the sublime now treated by Longinus, is the following passage:

Ἔδδεισεν δ' ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων, Ἀϊδωνεύς,
Δείσας δ' ἐξ θρόνου ἆλτο, καὶ ἴαχε· μὴ οἱ ὕπερθε
Γαῖαν ἀναρρήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
Οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη,
Σμερδαλέ', ἰοειδέα, τά τε στυγέουσι θεοί περ.

Pluto, the king of Hell, was terrified beneath; he leaped from his throne and shouted, dreading that the earth-shaking Neptune from above should break the ground, and that the horrible, putrid regions, which the Gods themselves loath, should be laid open to the view of mortals and immortals.

Let us remember, that in every grand picture, in every piece of grand effect, the most important point is, that there be no circumstance useless, and that each be in its proper place: for all that does not strengthen, enfeebles the effect. No such objection can be made to these verses. The picture is complete: there is nothing unnecessary or weak. All is striking, all goes on increasing. "Do you not see," says Longinus, "do you not see the earth "shaken in its foundations, Tartarus half "opening, the machine of the world sub"verted, and heaven, hell, men, and Gods, "all together in battle and in danger?"

This great admirer of the Iliad is not so enthusiastic in his eulogium on the Odyssey; unlike many of the moderns, who place it on a level with, or even above the Iliad. This is not a proper time for comparing the two poems, nor for explaining why we may agree with Longinus, or venture to differ from him: but what he says upon this subject is too remarkably expressed to be withheld.

"The Odyssey is the decline of a great "genius, which growing old begins to delight

" in stories. The Iliad, the work of his youth, " is completely full of vigour and action: the " Odyssey is almost entirely narrative, which " is the taste of old age. Homer, in the " latter work, may be compared to the setting " sun, which is still magnificent to our eyes, " but which no longer makes us feel its heat. " There is no longer that fire which animates " all the Iliad, that height of genius which " never descends, that activity which scorns " repose, that torrent of passion which hur- " ries you on, that accumulation of happy " fictions. But as the ocean, even at the mo- " ment of its reflux, and when it ebbs from the " shores, is still the ocean, this old age of " which I speak is still the old age of Homer."

When Longinus as to select an example of lively imagery, though one very inferior, as he confesses, to all that he has cited from Homer, he presents a passage from a tragedy of Euripides, called Phaeton. This play is now lost. He owns that Euripides, who has excelled in the pathetic, but whom all the critics of antiquity, beginning with Aristotle, have ranked, in point of style, far below Sophocles, cannot endure a comparison with Homer. " But " nevertheless," adds he, " the genius of Eu- " ripides without reaching what is great, is " on some occasions extremely animated, and " furnishes him with strokes of considerable " boldness."

On the subject of oratorical figures, he cites two famous passages from Demosthenes, which we do not think it necessary at present to quote: but he lays down a very wise precept, which we think it right to subjoin, inasmuch as it teaches a correct use and sound estimation of figures. " It is natural to men," says he, " to " suspect whatever bears the appearance of " artifice, and as figures are a kind of arti- " fice, the best is that which is so con- " cealed as to be imperceptible. Therefore, " the force of the thought, or sentiment, ought " to be such as to cover the figure, and guard " it from the effects of consideration."

This observation is highly just; and the reason why those ornaments, called rhetorical figures, have been so much decried, is, not that they are not very good in their nature; but that they have been most grossly abused. It should be remembered, that the figures should always be proportioned to the concomitant sentiments or ideas: without this they can never resemble nature, because it is by no means natural; for instance, that a man who is not strongly moved, should make use of strong figures, for which he has no need. It is acknowledged, and understood, that it was passion or feeling, that originally invented figures of speech, in order to acquire increased force of expression. Accordingly, when this congruity exists, when strong passion speaks in strong figures, the effect is a certain one; because then, as Longinus says, the figure is so natural that we do not observe it is one. We may take as an example, that apostrophe of Ajax to Jupiter, which we mentioned in our eleventh number. The emotion is so true, the idea is so grand, and all springs so necessarily from the situation and the character, that we observe nothing beyond the emotion, the idea, the situation, and the character; and nobody takes notice of the employment of that rhetorical figure which is called apostrophe. But if a man, in a quiet situation, should address himself to Jupiter, without having any thing to say to him but what is very common, then every body would observe the bungling artifice, and would naturally say, what is the use of this apostrophe?

In common conversation, there is nothing more usual than interrogation; yet interrogation, when employed in an address to a body of men, is undoubtedly a figure of speech.— " But why," says Longinus, with great acuteness, " why is this figure very oratorical, and " often very effective? Because it is natural " for a man who is interrogated, to answer " quickly; and the orator, at once asking the " questing, and giving the answer, puts a sort " of illusion upon the auditors, who look upon " this premeditated answer, as if it were the " production of the moment."

What Longinus says of the choice of words, and of arrangement and harmony, it will scarcely be possible for us, who speak and write in another language, to analyse: except that we may mention this general rule, which must apply to authors in all languages—never to wound the ear, and equally to avoid farfetched expressions, and low phrases. Longinus thus reproaches Hesiod, for having said, in speaking of the Goddess of Darkness, " *a stinking* " *humour flowed from her nostrils.*" This clearly proves that there are things equally mean in all languages, though use has taught us, that there are many words ignoble in one idiom, which are not so in another.

Our author accuses Plato also of too great a luxuriance of style and affectation in ornament; and quotes a passage, in which that philosopher says, in speaking of wine, he is boiling and furious, but he comes in company with a sober divinity, who chastens him, and renders him soft and good to drink.—To call

water a sober divinity, is as ridiculous in English as in Greek, and the criticism of Longinus is clear to all the world. As an enlightened admirer of great writers, he is not blind to their faults. We have seen what he thought of the Odyssey; and what he blamed in Plato, though in other respects he honoured and admired the academic philosopher. He speaks with the same species of impartiality concerning Demosthenes also: he raises him to the highest pinnacle; but he does not deny his effects.—"Demosthenes," says he, "never succeeds in "moderate emotion; he is too hard; he wants "flexibility and glitter; and he does not know "how to manage wit." Hyperides, on the contrary, (another celebrated Grecian orator, the contemporary and rival of Demosthenes). "Hyperides has all the qualities which Demosthenes wants; but he never rises to the "sublime. It was for the sublime that Demosthenes was born. Nature and study have "given him every thing that can lead to it. "He unites all which makes the greatest orator: he has a tone of majesty; a vehemence "of movement; a fertility of means; address, "rapidity, and force in the highest degree."

In another place he compares him to Cicero. "Cicero is grand in his abundance, as Demosthenes is grand in his precision. I should "compare the latter to the thunder which "crushes, to the tempest which ravages—the "former to a vast fire, which consumes every "thing, and unceasingly acquires new force."

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

SIR,

AS the Devil ceased speaking, a fat, red-faced man, surrounded by some people that appeared to be shopkeepers, passed by us, "Who "is he?" said I, a little amused at the good natured pomp of his gait, or rather waddle, and the profound respect of the mechanics who surrounded him.

"That," answered the accommodating Asmodeus, "is the famous Alderman Sir ——— "———. He is a member of parliament, and "has always voted for ministers."

"For the present ministers I suppose you "mean;" said I.

"To be sure," rejoined the demon, "and "for all other ministers too. You do not "suppose so great a man would be guilty of "partiality! No, no, his principle is to en-"joy *the vicarage of Bray:* and while others "have followed particular men or measures, "he, like a cat, has always attached himself "rather to place than person. Let Hephestion "love Alexander, Clytus loves the king. Of "course at different times he has been of every "different way of thinking: but he has always "sat on the same side of the house. Nor has "he sat altogether unobserved: for he has "been the London Sir Boyle Roach, the Sir "Joseph Mawbry, or Sir Cecil Wray, of his "own time: and more ridiculous blunders "are said to have been uttered by him, than "ever rushed from the blundering jaws of a "bog-trotting Hibernian. It was he who, a "few years ago, in the overflowing plenitude "of his maudlin philanthropy, so anxiously "desired the expeditious arrival of the olive "branch, that he proposed the convivial "toast, of '*A speedy peace and soon.*' At "another time we saw him the supporter of "whiggism, the firm friend of economical re-"form, and the abettor of the broad and liberal "schemes proposed by a late short and regret-"ted administration. Then, on a sudden, "with a versatility that would have done "honour to a greater genius, he spread his light "wings, and flew over to the other party: or "rather waited near the treasury bench till it "was manned by another crew, and then hung "himself in tow. Thus, if on such a subject I "may be permitted to allude to any of the "brute creation, thus it is that when slaughter "and desolation are marching over the face of "a wretched country, the carrion birds join "the victorious army, and peck at the car-"cases of the dead. On the late important "contest, when the war-whoop was yelled on "every side, and prejudice, bigotry, and su-"perstition rose in arms against the dictates of "nature, and the liberty of the human race; "this mighty auxiliary threw his powers into "the preponderating scale, and assisted in the "subversion of the balance. Then that *elo-"quent*, that *fascinating*, that *honeyed* tongue, "which, but a moment before, had been so

" anxiously exercised in the cause of freedom, " toleration, and economical reform, was raised " in another key, and that *masterly* pen, whose " efforts had promised *such signal benefits* " to the recruiting service of moderation and " whiggism, produced, for the gaze of ad- " miring passengers, those admirably loyal, " orthodox, and constitutional watchwords, " ****** *and the Protestant interest!* We " devils don't trouble ourselves much about re- " ligion: but yet I cannot help congratulating " that church whose tenets are upheld by such " a pillar, whose enemies are resisted by such " an ally, whose honour is guaranteed to the " latest posterity by the magnanimous ascer- " tions of such a genius! Happy indeed, is the " ecclesiastical establishment, which recognises " but few participators in its benefits, which " excludes four-fifths of a nation from the rights " of men, and which is founded upon that old " but admirable maxim, the fewer the better " cheer! Long may this worthy alderman be " one of those few who still may share that bet- " ter cheer: long may his constituents con- " tinue at the halls of their loyal feasts, to " drink with enthusiasm the hearty and very " orthographical toast of their worshipful " representative himself: *Three C's* ——king, " constitution, and ******."

" And pray," enquired I, " can you tell me " who sits in that barouche on the outside of the " garden-wall—I mean the little man in a green " coat, powdered, and much marked with the " small-pox?" " An instance," said the devil, " by no means singular, of the sudden reverses " of popular favour. That little man, not a " twelvemonth ago, stood candidate for the " representation of the great city of Westmin- " ster. A certain party extolled his patriotism; " he told the mob they were injured, and the " mob believed him: for what information is " received by a people with so much satisfac- " tion as the intelligence of its own ruin? He " was laughed at by the wise, and admired by " the foolish; was a gentleman among porter " drinkers, but a porter drinker among gen- " tlemen; was opposed by the respectable " class of the community, and assisted by the " lowest of the vulgar. Under these circum- " stances (for the vulgar always hang together) " his popularity was extensive—but an un- " lucky whim that once possessed him to go a " shooting before the beginning of the partridge " season, has lost him the heart of his favour- " ite mob, and he now rides by in his ba- " rouche, experiencing, not the idolatry of the " vulgar, and the contempt of the great, but " the neglect of the one class, and the pity of " the other."

" But what," I enquired, " Are the poli- " tical doctrines that enabled such a being " for a moment to form a sect."

" His principles," replied the Devil upon two sticks, " are simply the absence of all prin- " ciple. Nor is he the original prophet of his " own heresy: he is but the servile copyist of " a Baronet whom he was eager to shoot, and " professes to think the entry of a French " army into the kingdom a less evil than the " return of a corrupt member to parliament. " But you know what a corrupt parliament is, " and you do not know what a French army " is: and your celebrated poet was right when " he advised men rather to

" —— Bear the ills they have,
" Than fly to others that they know not of.

" The doctrines that are preached or encou- " raged by the sect are the revolutionary chi- " meras of aristocratic levellers and philoso- " phical fools, the equalization of property, and " the overthrow of the most excellent consti- " tution that ever adorned the annals of history. " These *gentlemen* tell you, that you are hea- " vily taxed: but do you pay for nothing? " Surely not. And when you look around " you at the state of your continental neigh- " bours, at the hourly dangers to which they " are exposed from one system of infuriate " ambition acting in unsettled governments, " disaffected nations, and weak finances, you " ought not to regret the taxation that pre- " serves you in the enjoyment of a constitution " which wants only two or three improve- " ments to be as perfect as any thing human " can ever be. Consider your taxation as a spe- " cies of insurance—the bearing of it is your " policy.

" I am, Sir,
" Your obedient servant,
" CLEOPASTULUS."

AN ESSAY ON THE PRESENT STATE OF BRITISH COMEDY;

Being an Answer to a Treatise which appeared in a weekly publication called the News, in the three successive numbers of August the 23d, August the 30th, and September the 6th, under the title of "An Essay on the Appearance, Causes, and Consequences of the Decline of the British "Comedy."

AS the Drama has for a long while been gaining ground upon the public attention, and as we have devoted a considerable part of our work to the elucidation of its principles, the analyzation of its effects, and the description of its representations, we feel ourselves inclined to offer a few remarks on this very interesting and important subject; remarks which we have been induced to put upon paper, in consequence of a series of essays that have appeared in a weekly publication of much celebrity, called *The News*. We have long been very constant attendants at the Winter Theatres, and by various motives have been urged to consider, with all the accuracy of which we are capable, the situation in which the drama at this moment stands; thence we have very naturally been led to form an estimate of the comparative excellence of the present day, and of the days that are gone by. It has always, from the time that immediately succeeded the birth of poetry, been very much the fashion to undervalue the productions of the living, and to praise with a profusion, equally unjust, the works of authors no longer contemporary; and the best definition of a critic, according to the common acceptation of the word, is to be found in the treatise of *Horace de Arte Poëticâ*:

"*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti.*"

"Difficult, querulous, and a *puffer* of past "times."

Among those who criticise according to this definition, is to be found a gentleman gifted by nature with powers of a very extraordinary and superior description—powers, which, if they were cleared from the choaking weeds of prejudice, might blossom even more luxuriantly than they now do, and certainly would present fruit both riper and sweeter. This gentleman, if we conjecture rightly, is the author of the theatrical criticisms which ordinarily appear in the *News*; and also of that "*Essay on the Ap-* "*pearance, Causes, and Consequences of the* "*Decline of British Comedy*," which of late supplying the place of the usual critiques in that newspaper, has suggested to us the observations that we now present. We own that in the perusal of the essay to which we have alluded, our attention was more than once diverted from the subject by the brilliant periods, the nervous remarks, and the easy wit of this entertaining writer; but we have taken pains, as much as possible, to separate his argument from his decoration, and to view the naked outline of the form, through all the floating draperies, and under all the glittering gems, with which he has endeavoured to deceive the eye, and perplex the judgment.

The business of a theatrical critic in a newspaper is divided into two heads: the examination of the *actors* and the examination of the *plays acted*. In his examination of the actors, this gentleman is generally witty, always severe, but seldom correct—probably for this reason: that an experience of many hundred nights, and an observation of the different modes in which principal characters have been represented by different principal performers, is absolutely necessary for a just comprehension of the science of acting. For this experience, and this observation, the ingenious writer above-mentioned, has not yet had time and opportunity. But in the other division of criticism, although some little practical knowledge is necessary for a proper apprehension of the principles on which theatrical effects are built, yet a considerable proficiency may be made even in the closet, and therefore his observations on plays, though they could not easily be more witty, are almost always more just than his remarks on actors. But his experience has not yet qualified him to form a thorough judgment even upon plays, and the principal error into which he runs, is an idea that such works as in the closet please the most, are best adapted to the stage. If an audience could be collected which might consist only of persons, gifted by nature with an elegant taste, and cultivated by art to a perfect science, then, indeed, those plays which are read with the highest enjoyment would also be acted with the greatest pleasure. But as there are three distinct classes of persons to be considered, the tenants of the boxes, of the pit, and of the galleries, it becomes requisite that such an entertainment be

provided as may suit the taste of the spectators in general. Does our author conceive that the pit and galleries, or even a tenth part of the boxes, are gratified by sententious, moral, or pointed dialogue alone? If he think so, and that he does think so there can be little doubt, he runs into an egregious mistake. The generality can be pleased only by something generally intelligible; and as the first and greatest business of an author is to please, it is necessary that he write as much to the senses as to the sense.

Having premised thus much with regard to the author, whose genius we beg to be understood as acknowledging, even when we question his judgment and deny his experience, we will endeavour to follow him through the principal points of his elaborate essay. And first for the *appearance* of a decline.

He begins by a "promise of exposing in a "mass the errors of the present comic drama;" but from the list of the unfortunate malefactors whom he condemns, he begs to except Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Cumberland. That Mr. Sheridan stands on high, unrivalled, and alone, we are eager to declare: but why Mr. Cumberland should be considered as so far superior to the other dramatists, it is by no means so easy to discover. Mr. Cumberland unquestionably writes with ease and elegance, good English and good grammar; but Mr. Cumberland's plays, while they declaim, do not interest, amid a blaze of sentiments are never warm, and though always most admirably moral, are not always perfectly amusing. Perhaps the ingenious essayist may be inclined to quote in defence of these sententious writers, what the pompous Mr. Delvile says of himself in the admirable novel of *Cecilia*: "It would be "strange indeed if a man of my consequence "were sent into the world merely for the pur-"pose of amusing it!"

While we acknowledge the briliant pre-eminence of Mr. Sheridan, we are not blind to the merits of the rank which musters

"*Proxumus huic, longis si proxumus intervallo.*"

And we think it may be by no means impossible to prove that the comic drama, so far from having declined, is now in possession of more good authors than ever graced it, at any, the most flourishing period of its history. And we cannot agree with the author in accusing of very exorbitant vanity, those writers who after having pleased the town, and pleased even some very excellent critics for twenty years, are a little astonished to find the cold blasts of animadversion once more whistling through their modest laurels. They do not pretend to instruct: their aim is to amuse; and yet there are many of them who can give a value to their gaiety, and engraft a shrewd remark on a broad and very laughable adventure. We should recommend it to the gentleman, to read some of the best plays of the modern authors; and we will venture to say, that in the comedies of Colman and of Reynolds, he will find page after page of such dialogue as would not disgrace his adored ancients. There has been living at one time, and that time within the last three years, which may be fairly considered as a part of what is called the present æra, an assemblage of authors which can scarcely be equalled, certainly which never was exceeded, either in number or in genius. And those exclusively of Mr. Sheridan and the favourite Mr. Cumberland, have been, Murphy, Colman, Reynolds, Morton, Tobin, Mrs. Inchbald, and Miss Chambers—authors whom we do not commemorate in a random way, giving our own bare and general assertion for the proof of their desert—authors to whose list we subjoin a corresponding enumeration of their own plays now enjoying, and likely for ever to enjoy, the admiration of the public at large. As Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Cumberland are excluded, we are not at liberty to dwell upon the *School for Scandal*, the *Critic*, and the *Rivals*; the *West Indian*, and the *Wheel of Fortune*;—but we will mention *Know your own Mind*, by Murphy; the *Heir at Law*, and the *Poor Gentleman*, by Coleman; the *Dramatist*, and the *Will*, by Reynolds; *Speed the Plough*, and the *Cure for the Heart Ache*, by Morton; the *Honey Moon*, by Tobin; *Such things Are*, by Mrs. Inchbald; and the *School for Friends*, by Miss Chambers. We might even go a step lower, and mention even a little comedy, called the *Birth Day*, produced by one of the persons of whom our author has the very meanest opinion, Mr. Thomas Dibdin; and, no doubt, if we could just now be indulged with a reference to the prompter's book, we could cite a great number of other pieces which do not immediately occur to our recollection. Those already mentioned, we earnestly invite our readers to peruse, before they allow themselves to be hurried away by the wit, or the declamation of our critic, into a mean opinion of persons who so long have pleased them. Pope, and some other wits, used to call Cibber a dunce; and Dryden was pleased to speak contemptuously of Otway: but posterity have not agreed with them, and Cibber and Otway are both of them to this day admired. The

ingenious critic very roundly asserts, that a spectator, on leaving the theatre after the representation of a modern comedy, would in vain endeavour to "recollect one witticism, or "logical sentence that is worth remembrance, "one remark on men and manners that could "so meet the acknowledgment of the closet, as "to pass into a maxim." If he want witticism, what does he think of such a passage as the following observation of Reynolds, in the *Will*, when somebody expresses a wish that there were a tax on every old batchelor, "I "am sure there ought to be, for it is quite a "luxury?" Or the lamentation of *Vapid*, the *Dramatist*, who in his melancholy at the conclusion of the season, declares, "that the thea-"tres, as they are shut during summer, are to "him like the tombs of departed friends"—or that exclamation in another comedy of the same author, declaring that "to cut a joke is the "most serious undertaking on this side the "grave." If the Essayist want a forcible and logical sentence, he will find many such as the reply of *Frederick Bramble* in Colman's *Poor Gentleman*. In that play *Frederick* rescues a lady from a profligate of fashion: and when the coxcomb says pertly to *Frederick*, "Re-"member, sir, that I am a gentleman," *Frederick* very beautifully answers, "I am not apt "to remember that, sir, when I find a man "forgetting it himself." And as to remarks on men and manners, our critic is peculiarly unlucky; for if ever there was a writer who most unsparingly lashed the leading foibles of the day, it has been unquestionably Mr. Reynolds: whose plays abound from the first act to the fifth, with severities little satisfactory to a very fashionable part of the audience. We have here mentioned only two or three passages that immediately occurred to our recollection; but we repeat our challenge to our readers, we beg them to read and judge for themselves: we venture at least to assure them, that their time will not have been spent altogether unprofitably, whatever be the sentiments of the author of the essay.

These writers, he observes, construct their plays entirely for the galleries. They certainly endeavour to produce such broad effects as may be intelligible even to that part of the audience; but their dialogue does not necessarily become weak, in proportion as their plot becomes strong. That their dialogue *is* sometimes weak, and even ungrammatical, it is, indeed, impossible to deny; but surely this circumstance is not to be attributed, as by the essayist it is attributed, to the general system of writing for effect. It is one of those faults, which in the ardour of composition are apt to occur, and which, if they be not very frequent and very gross, a liberal critic will always forgive, when he finds them counterbalanced by striking merit.

But the gentleman does not confine his censures merely to the fancied want of wit or remark, and the farcical construction of plot; he attacks the modern authors on the third requisite of comedy—their delineation of character. And in this sentence he does, indeed, display all that consumate artifice with which he so often beguiles the town: and apprehensive that his cannon will not be able to do sufficient execution, he rams in an extra allowance of powder, that the flash and the smoke may blind, where the balls are insufficient to destroy. In the course of twenty lines the subject is laden with a vulgar woman, catskins, a wild Indian, and what is now, we believe for the first time, denominated, a *tumultuous* perriwig—a check shirt and trowsers, an Ethiopian savage, and a *shaved bear*—a tobacco-pipe, and the statue of the medicean Venus. How is a poor author to stand against all this? But when we have stripped the vulgar woman, and the shaved bear of their *tumultuous* habiliments, escaped from the wild Indian and the Ethiopian savage, cease to gaze on the Venus, and quite smoaked out the tobacco-pipe, what do we find before us? Why, an attack upon these authors for not delineating to us a succession of characters, which, though they must be daily visible in ordinary life, are nevertheless expected to be quite new and very striking. The hacknied phrases that are put into the mouths of certain persons, and which are commonly called catch-words, are unquestionably inferior to those busts which denote original character: when misapplied they are extremely disgusting. But when novelty of *character* is no longer to be found, novelty of *manner* seems to be no bad substitute; and when adroitly displayed, it is highly effective, and, in our opinion, very consistent with the design of comedy. When *Sir William Meadows*, in *Love in a Village*, ends every other sentence with, "*May I never do* "*an ill turn, but*—" this, that, or other, is so and so, "*partly*," we are highly disgusted, because the peculiarity being by no means ludicrous, becomes immediately tiresome; but when *Young Rapid*, in Morton's *Cure for the Heart Ache*, keeps alive each scene of his action, by the characteristic repetition of *keep moving*; or when the careless youth, in another play, knocks down the antiquarian's invaluable

bust, and coolly utters his favourite cant phrase of *Hey, dam'me, what's to pay?* the severity of criticism is disarmed by the drollery of the situations, and the muscles of the brow are withheld from a frown, by the irresistible relaxation in the dimples of the mouth.

There is one point in which we fully agree with the Essayist, and that is in his thorough dislike of the "seductive encomiums on the spirit, "the loyalty, and the invincibility of the Bri- "tish nation." The origin of this flattery was a tolerably well-conceived notion among the authors, that any one who should withhold his approbation from the panegyric of his king and country, must, undoubtedly, appear the enemy of both, and that, therefore, such passages must always produce applause. The trick answered very well at first: it was used as a finishing sauce by good authors, and afterwards became the sole ingredient in the cookery of poor scribblers, who possessed neither salt nor pepper to tickle the public palate. But now it has been worn so thread bare, that the galleries can no longer applaud, and "*British Tars*," and "*Hearts of Oak*," are sounds as little magical as "*How d'ye do*," and "*Pray proceed.*" The evil, we hope, has operated its own cure; for ourselves, we would rather wander in a rainy night along the leafless highlands of the north, than be compelled to travel over the weary waste of dramatic dullness, amid storms of pelting patriotism.

But the principal point upon which our critic has attacked modern comedy, and on which he has rioted with singular satisfaction, is the prologue and epilogue which *succeed* the comedy itself: — as the Irish epicure declared, that the most relishing part of a haunch of venison was the currant-jelly-sauce that came to table with it. That too abject a strain of petition is often put forth, we will not for a moment deny—but this is by no means an invariable event; and, at any rate, it is almost as unjust to abuse the comedy for the fault of its prologue and epilogue, which are almost always produced by some other authors, as it would be to attack Shakspeare, because Theobald has encumbered him with notes; or deny a lady's beauty, because her shoes were ill-made.

After all these strictures on the appearance of a decline, of which decline we have endeavoured to prove the total non-existence, the Essayist enters into an enumeration of the causes and consequences which may be supposed to have produced, and to have followed it. Perhaps it may, at first sight, appear superfluous to combat arguments upon the causes of an effect which we deny to exist; but we have so great a respect for the talents of the author, that we cannot allow ourselves to pass with contemptuous silence any portion of his laboured essay; we shall, therefore, in a future number, endeavour to prove, that even if a decline had taken place, it could not have been attributable to the causes he has assigned; and that he has not accounted, in a satisfactory manner, for the origin even of those little consequent evils which we do acknowledge to exist.

Horatius.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF Zeno, the stoic, could arise from the grave, he would enrol me in his corps, and an apt disciple should I prove; for with patience, nay, with complacency, do I exchange the happiness experienced in England for the dangers hourly threatening me in this intemperate climate. Blessed island! dear and valued spot! let only the disconcerted speculating enthusiast, or political maniac, once quit thy happy shores and cross the Atlantic ocean, to learn to value the gifts you bestow; let them experience the losses they will sustain, and judge by comparison how wrongly they have compared the happiness with which *you* abound to that of *any other quarter of the globe*. This sentence has almost involuntarily crept in, but the sympathetic feeling lies too near my heart to check the deserved panegyric. You have already heard of my safe arrival at Barbadoes, where I went on shore.

The island is beautiful to admiration, but, like the hidden snake, it poisons when least expected. The transparent brightness of the atmosphere is big with virulence and disease, and many fall a sacrifice when health seems most favourable. A very melancholy instance of this I was partly an eye witness of. The last officer, and his wife, of a fine regiment, consisting a few months since, of 700 men, were buried in the same grave the day I landed;

few of them survived the attack more than twenty-four hours. With such a disconsolate picture before me, I was not sorry to embark again, and on the following day came off St. Lucia. I was much gratified with the sight of the *Diamond Rock*, which was so gallantly defended by our brave countrymen against the attack of the French and Spaniards. It appears to me to be almost inaccessible, and I have no doubt, had it been properly garrisoned, would have withstood the whole combined force. I accompanied the captain on shore with the mail. The principal town presented one of those miserable scenes which necessarily await a colony liable to be dispossessed of its inhabitants every war. The houses were some rebuilt, some rebuilding, for it was burnt down the last war. The grass grew knee deep, in what once were streets, and a few British speculators were living with the French natives. There was one regiment, consisting of black privates and English officers. It is a misfortune that the safety of these islands will not allow of more corps of this description, it would prevent many a fine fellow falling in an untimely grave. From thence we proceeded on our voyage to Jamaica, but were longer in reaching it than we expected, for the weather was mostly calm, on some days entirely so. On our arrival off the east end, few pictures can describe the beauty of the country, no pencil can do justice to the lively verdure with which the whole face of the island appeared clothed, and no pen can describe this terrestrial paradise, for such a name does it ample merit, as far as the mere appearance and production of the earth; but, on my landing, nature appeared to have been sporting with the *human* species, and that the figures which presented themselves on the shore were doomed to perform some pantomimical entertainment, for their colours, which consisted of the different shades of black from the *jet* to the *sooty*, did not present the most striking of sights; some but half cloathed, and some in nature's covering only, with all the mummery of a mountebank, and all the grimaces of an ape, added to the jargon of a brute, tendered their services: some I offended so much by my laughter, others by my not understanding their unintelligible address, that they left me to shift for myself, but not without endeavouring to serve themselves by pilfering out of my baggage, all they could lay their hands on, and in this elegant accomplishment they admirably excel. I should truly pity you if you were in my place, it would but ill accord with your social notions, to abstain wholly from society, for such is really the case—there are no parties, no amusements, no enlivening conversation, rendered doubly so, by the wit and sweetness of the female tongue—all here is business, each bent upon his avocations, and each man talks of his own shop. We rise at five, ride or walk until seven, return to breakfast, and until ten merely *breath*, for during that interval the heat is insupportable, not a breath of air until the sea-breeze sets in, which is swallowed by an avidity known only to Europeans, dying nearly for want of it. We dine at five, and amongst ourselves discourse of politics, argue metaphysics, and defend inconstancy. Such an expression from the gay Lothario (a title which I owe to you) will not surprise you; but consider impartially what can ensure constancy? Can the society of an untutored, uncivilized, being, conciliate the affections? Can the conversation of an unlettered slave entertain the man of understanding? It would do well for many a haughty female presuming upon the power of her beauty, to come here and learn, if stripped of the education her country affords, how poor and contemptible she will appear.—No better than the poor negro, who *would* know, but *cannot*.

It will be amusing to you to learn the customs, manners, and productions of this island, though frequently related before, yet still newly told, it seems new. I don't mean by the word *manners*, *polished* behaviour, for that is rare indeed. The characteristic of a West Indian corresponds but little with that drawn in the play. He is a rough untutored hind—planted with his canes, he becomes ripe by the same heat, which matures them—by them he lives, and as they perish so does *he*—leaving no memento of what he was, save his *riches*. His hospitality, for which much more credit is given than it really deserves, arises from selfishness—he is compelled to be hospitable to others, to entitle himself to the reception he frequently needs in moving from his own home; for there are *no public inns*, and the traveller is at the mercy of the proprietors of estates for a night's lodging. His great happiness consists in relating his *wealth*, and I invariably find he anticipates what he may be worth, but seldom values himself upon what he *really* possesses—by which false and deceitful calculation he cheats himself, and is therefore always poor. There is no such thing as what we term society—most men have their favourite housekeeper, who is of course never introduced into company. Family men keep their wives and children to themselves.

All social intercourse is necessarily barred, as a party never adjourns from the dinner-table to the drawing-room, but like gluttons eat and drink, and then go to bed. This island abounds with luxuries, but is destitute of necessaries. The bread is scarcely eatable, and is made of leaven instead of yeast, and is always sour. The butter is salt, and of the worst description: cheese is not to be purchased for money: and the only thing that is tolerable is the beef; but that you can never have dressed with any enticement to eat it, for the fires are all of wood, and, of course, whatever is dressed by them is smoked. The vegetables are of various descriptions, and generally very good. It would be a rarity to convey green peas and beans to England in the month of November, but variety in that respect is not uncommon. But I must reserve the rest of my descriptions for another letter, which the next packet shall convey to you, should I be so fortunate as to escape the contagion of the climate; with which, though you threatened me to deter me from leaving England, I hope I shall be attacked only in your anxious imagination. Farewell, and be assured, that neither distance, time, or circumstance, can make me forget how,

Sincerely I am your Friend,

C.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

A LETTER ON FEMALE CHARMS.

DEAR MR. BEAU!

THOUGH I know not what good I shall obtain by writing you a list of my mortifications, except, perhaps, that of easing my heart—I am impelled to do so, and possibly some one else may be benefited by such an action, as it may teach *them* what I have been taught only by sad experience.

I was brought up by a maiden aunt, who always assured me that I was a great beauty: indeed, from fifty years study of her own face, she had a right to call herself a judge; and I believed her. Now my aunt, sir, was one of those hundred millions of ladies, who never yet could get a likeness of their face well painted; for why? because, as they declare themselves, the painter always protested that their countenance was so expressive, it changed every minute: added to this, she was a novel reader, and a castle builder; and though she resided in the small town of R——, in Yorkshire, never destined me for any other man, than a lord, or a hero. It happened that R—— was not favourable to the growth of beauty; so that I, with a tolerable share of it, was followed like a divinity; and what with the elevated spirit created by admiration, added to a peculiar *smartness* of dress, was sure to be the *belle* of the ball-room, and to dance with the recruiting officer.

From the moment I became an orphan under her care, my aunt's plan was arranged; and purposing to keep me secluded till the appointed period, she lived frugally in R——, from which place we did not emigrate till I was eighteen. In the fullest bloom of my charms, as the poor dear lady thought, and sure of marrying any one I chose, she conveyed me to London last winter; hired elegant apartments in Pall Mall, brushed up her acquaintance with titled dowagers, and members' wives, and finally ushered me into the world of gaiety.

Never shall I forget the first assembly to which I went; it was at Lady Glitters. I was dressed in my favourite *smart* stile, with a profusion of gay ornaments, and a bustle of frills and feathers, (which used to render me elegant, by *comparison* with the stupid plainness of the Yorkshire misses) my cheeks were all in a glow with "conscious beauty," to which my aunt's raptures contributed not a little. Certain of being the very handsomest woman in the room; remembering my aunt's old assertion, that *woman of fashion were poor sickly creatures, that would give their ears for the colour and shape of a milk-maid.* I got into our job coach, and drove to Lady Glitters: most of the company were then assembled. After the first ceremonies, I looked round upon the mixed crowd, and was petrified, every third female was handsomer than myself: and while some of the best parts of *my* figure were concealed under laces and muslins, and the others disadvantageously decorated; *theirs* attired in the most seducing simplicity, seemed to owe nothing to ornament, but presented (almost

wholly uncovered) arms, shoulders, and bosoms of inimitable beauty; their hair, generally disposed with apparent carelessness, was not concealed by such folds of silver drapery, as sparkled over mine: they seemed charming without effort; whilst I appeared to have laboured at my toilet, only to prove the wretchedness of my taste, and the insignificance of my person. The real excellence of my complexion was equalled, nay, exceeded, by the artifical, and therefore stationary cornation of theirs; and because my dress modestly hid my neck, a young man said, in my hearing, to another impertinent puppy—"Yes, she produces a good "effect!—she's well *made up*!"

After this evening's mortifications, came "in "battalions;" I was no longer the *belle* of a whole town, but lost in a crowd, of which some were infinitely handsomer—and all better acquainted with the art of advantageous display: my rustic decency adhered to me in spite of every thing; and although I lost a vast deal in personal admiration, by this obstinacy, I gained much in self-respect.

The winter passed without any proposal worth acceptance; my fortune being nothing! and my aunt having imprudently rushed into extensive visiting, instead of getting into a respectable set, where intimacies may be cultivated, and the *mind* stand a chance for having its share in conquests. I was handsome enough o captivate the man who should like my heart and understanding; but alas! not so resistless as, with a simple look, to carry off the prize from a mob of polished beauties.

Shocked beyond measure at the enormously erroneous opinions which I had entertained of myself, I beseeched my aunt to accept an invitation given her by an only brother, who was a man of moderate fortune, residing in a genteel neighbourhood, sixteen miles from London. My uncle having lately lost his wife, and being without children, wished us to live with him entirely: accordingly we assented, and I have now been settled in C——y many months.

Hearing that there were three or four distinguished families within a short walk of my uncle's, some of my old folly revived; and thinking that my beauty would then recover its superiority, I fancied that, of course, both male and female hearts would yield to my fascination. If you have ever read "*The Beggar "Girl*," "*Delphine*," or any work of that description, sir, you will remember that the heroine never fails to enchant both sexes, and all ranks; that wherever she goes, enthusiastic friends start up at every step; and that, in short, she is indebted to her lovely face for all sorts of good offices. Convinced of the importance of appearance, therefore, I attended the parish church of C——y, the first Sunday after my arrival, with a due attention to exterior: I had learned to dress really well; I assure you I am handsome; and as there were four younger girls there, I attracted universal notice; the young men of the above-mentioned families, certainly looked very admiringly at me; the ladies with a kind of wary forseeing; and from that luckless Sunday, I found every person of fashion, who had either sons or daughters, avoided my acquaintance.

A good-humoured old maid in the neighbourhood, to whom my aunt complained of some uncivil conduct about visiting, explained the whole affair. "How ignorant you are of the world," said she, "when you met Lady Otto "at my house, and Mrs. Bengal, you indis-"creetly cried up your neice's musical talents "and good qualities to the skies; they see she "is pretty, they hear she has no fortune; they "know, from you, that she is dangerous, and "they have both sons and daughters—then, if "there are so many chances, that she will stand "in the way of their girls preferment, or tempt "their sons into a silly action, is it not natural "for them to avoid all intimacy?"

This lady was right—and I am a second time indebted to my poor novel-reading aunt, for the bitterest mortification. However, it has produced one good effect: it has, for ever, banished those romantic dreams, and is stimulating me to acquire that pre-eminence in amiableness, which I once thought I possessed in beauty. Should it ever be my lot to become the wife of some worthy man, (not gained in the ball-room) and to be the mother of children, I will earnestly seek to inspire them with a true estimation of external endowments; and save them from grating disappointment, by teaching them *to know themselves*.

I am, Sir,

Your delighted, constant Reader,

AMENDA.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF HEROISM:

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

IN the contest between the Houses of Austria and Bourbon, for the throne of Spain, which continued during nearly all the reign of our glorious Queen Anne, the city and port of Alicant, in the kingdom of Spain, was in possession of Major-General Richards, an Englishman, in the service of Charles III. of Austria, one of the competitors. The city being long and closely besieged by a large French army, with a numerous train of artillery, became at last untenable; and General Richards having called a council of war, it was resolved to retire with the garrison into the castle, which was then esteemed impregnable. They, with incredible labour, sunk three cisterns in the solid rock, and having filled them with water, the troops retired, consisting of one English regiment (Hotham's) and a regiment of French refugees in British pay. The French finding they could make no progress in a regular siege against this fortress, resolved upon mining, a work excessively laborious and tedious. General Richards, daily in hopes of relief from the British fleet, was well pleased at this undertaking of the enemy, looking on the accomplishment of it as a thing impossible. The besiegers wrought with incredible labour at the mine, forcing vast numbers of peasants to assist; and in about twelve weeks finished the works thought proper for the service, and charging them with 1500 barrels of powder, large beams, iron bars, crows, and other utensils of destruction, summoned the castle to surrender on the 20th of March, 1709, most solemnly assuring them a safe conduct to Barcelona, with bag and baggage, for every person in it, if they submitted in three days, otherwise no mercy would be shewn; and to demonstrate the reality of their design, they desired the garrison to depute three officers of skill to inspect their works, and to be allowed the liberty of making what scrutiny they pleased. Three engineers from the castle inspected the works, and informed the General that if their judgment failed them not, the explosion would carry up the whole castle. A grand council of war was called, the French summons repeated, and the report of the engineers made known to it. They knew they wanted water, but still had hopes to be relieved by the fleet, who knew their distress, and consequently under some concern for their relief. Their unanimous resolution was to commit themselves to the providence of God, and whatever fate attended them to stand the springing of the mine. The French and Spanish officers expressed the utmost concern at a resolution so fatal, and sent the second night of three allowed, to divert them from what they called, and it is very likely thought inexcusable obstinacy. Honourable articles were again offered, and again rejected. The fatal third night approached; no fleet seen; the French sent the last summons, with assurance that the mine was primed, and should be sprung by six o'clock the next morning. The besieged were inflexible; they persisted in their first resolution, and having ordered every thing for the night, betook themselves to their meditations, and with cool and unshaken constancy waited the fatal hour. The day approaching, the Governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in all directions, and he then, with the other officers, went to the western battery to inform themselves. At last the coporal's guard cried out, the train was fired; observing smoke from the lighted matches and combustible matter. The Governor and field-officers were urged to remove, but refused. The mine at last blew up, the rock opened and shut, and the whole mountain was convulsed. The Governor and field officers, with their company, and about thirty centinels, and women, ten guns and two mortars, were buried in the abyss, and their dying groans were heard, some of them after the mournful fourth day. Great part of the castle, and many of the houses in the city were overwhelmed in the ruins. The government devolved upon Colonel De Albon, who made a desperate sally, and the bombs of the castle played more furiously than ever upon the town in every direction; thus, in some measure, revenging the death of his brave companions, and continued these marks of resentment till the arrival of the long-expected fleet.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

POEMS, IN TWO VOLUMES, BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LYRICAL BALLADS."

MR. WORDSWORTH, in those poems which he is here pleased to call κατ'ἐξοχην, by way of pre-eminence, *the* Lyrical Ballads, gave considerable testimony of strong feeling and poetic powers, although like a histerical school-girl he had a knack of feeling about subjects with which feeling had no proper concern: Feeling and nature are two very pretty words, and much in use with the philosophical and *simple* poets, among whom Mr. Wordsworth is ambitious to be enrolled: but the descriptions of feeling and nature are not necessarily valuable in all their shapes, and that affection of the mind which employed on a great or universally interesting topic would inspire our general sympathy, is most likely, when exercised upon a mean object, or a chimerical idea, to excite no emotion but laughter. In the Lyrical Ballads before mentioned, something was good, much tolerable, and a vast deal ridiculous. In the present volumes, the good is, as Shakspeare says of Gratiano's reasons, like a grain of wheat hidden in a bushel of chaff, for which we may long labouriously seek, and which, when we have found it, is not worth the search. We really begin to think that the new school of poets, as they think fit to call themselves, suppose folly to be feeling, and consider nature as synonymous with nonsense. After reading the poems before us, we were, and still are, inclined to doubt the fulfilment of the motto which stands prefixed, and which implies the possession of strong faculties:

" *Posterius graviore sono tibi musa loquetur*
" *Nostra: dabunt cum securos mihi tempora*
" *fructus.*"

" Hereafter, at better opportunity, our
" muse shall speak to you in a more impres-
" sive tone."

But this muse really seems to be in her dotage. We hoped that the childish effusions that were mixed among the poems in the former work, were the errors of a mind then in its poetical dawn, and that a more mature experience would wipe away the morning dew, and leave the flower untarnished and fair. But we now apprehend that this nurse, at the time she produced Lyrical Ballads, was not the whining scholar, but the lean and slippered eld, and that she now has shifted into that second childhood, in which, though *sans* eyes, *sans* ears, and *sans* teeth, she unluckily is not *sans* tongue. Accordingly, through two duodecimo volumes, she drivels out her puerilities, almost unassisted by any tokens of the genius which once seemed to be sprouting within her. Wherever those do occur we will point them out with all possible candour.

The first poem is by no means the worst—but we will begin fairly:

TO THE DAISY.

" In youth from rock to rock I went,
" From hill to hill, *in discontent*,
" *Of pleasure high and turbulent*,
" *Most pleased when most uneasy.*"

Quere—What this means, or how it can be?

" But now my own delights I make,
" My thirst at every rill can slake,
" *And gladly nature's love partake*
" *Of thee, sweet daisy!*

We repeat the foregoing *quere*.
The next verse is intelligible:

" When soothed a while by milder airs
" Thee winter in the garland wears,
" That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
" Spring cannot shun thee;
" Whole summer fields are thine by right:
" And autumn, melancholy wight!
" Doth in thy crimson head delight
" When rains are on thee.

" In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
" Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
" *If welcome once thou count'st it gain.*

How so?

" Thou art not daunted,
" Nor car'st if thou be set at naught;
" And oft alone in nooks remote
" We meet thee, *like a pleasant thought*,
" When such are wanted.

Where is the resemblance between the pleasant thought and this daisy?

" Be violets in their secret *mews*
" The flowers the wanton zephyr's chuse;
" Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
" Her head impearling;
" Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim—

The daisies on Mr. Wordsworth's estate, have not, we conclude, in common with violets and roses, the advantages of wind, rain, and dew.

" Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
" Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
" Thou art indeed by many a claim
" The poet's darling.

It will be difficult to discover why the daisy, above every other humble flower of the field, should have such special claims to poetic favour.

" If to a rock from rains he fly,
" Or, some bright day of April sky,
" Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
" Near the green holly,
" And wearily at length should fare;
" He need but look about, and there
" Thou art! a friend at hand, to scare
" His melancholy.

A very new prescription for the cure of hypochondria!

" A hundred times, by rock or bower,
" Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,
" Have I derived from thy sweet power
" Some apprehension;
" Some steady love; some brief delight;
" Some memory that had taken flight;
" Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
" Or stray invention.

Let Dr. Rees take care: if this idea be prosecuted, who knows but the daisy may some day or other, by the amplitude of its information, supercede the necessity of an Encyclopœdia?

It also performs the functions of a Bible, at least if we conjecture rightly, as to the sense of the following very cabalistic passage:

" If stately passions in me burn,
" And one chance look to thee should turn,
" I drink *out of an humbler urn*
" *A lowlier pleasure*;
" The homely sympathy that heeds
" The common life, our nature breeds;
" A wisdom fitted to the needs
" Of hearts at leisure.
" When, smitten by the morning ray,
" I see thee rise alert and gay,
" Then cheerful flow'r! my spirits play
" With kindred motion:
" At dusk, I've seldom marked thee press
" The ground, *as if in thankfulness*
" Without some feeling, *more or less*,
" Of true devotion.

Here's emblematical piety with a vengeance! Next observe the daisy acting as a ledger, keeping accounts of some out-of-the-way debts, and entering itself as creditor:

" And all day long I number yet,
" All seasons through another debt
" Which I, wherever thou art met,
" To thee am owing;
" An instinct call it, a blind sense;
" A happy, genial influence,
" Coming, one knows not how, nor whence,
" Nor whither going.

True—" one knows not," one understands not, and one cares not.

The next and last stanza contains four very bold and poetical figures, if we may so call them, apostrophe, simile, prophecy, and panegyric: all of them to us equally unintelligible.

" Child of the year! that round dost run
" Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
" And cheerful, when the day's begun
" As morning Leveret,
" Thou long the poet's praise shalt gain;
" Thou wilt be more beloved by men
" In times to come; thou not in vain
" Art nature's favourite."

When Burns had written so sweetly to the daisy, it was ill-judged in Mr. Wordsworth to select such a subject.

The second sonnet goes only to express a desire of kissing a lady called Louisa. Is not this rather incorrect for a married man?

The third is a bald history of the traveller who perished on Helvellyn: unluckily for Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Scott, by one of the ballads which we reviewed in our fourth number, has already commemorated this subject, and commemorated it in pathetic lines.

The fourth poem is rather abrupt, but contains the best lines in the two volumes: lines which extol a woman, not by amplifying her into an angel, but by representing her as she is. Angels may be very well for dreams; but in real life we prefer woman, simple woman; lovely because she is but human, and interesting even in her weaknesses! Our author defines the phantom of his soul to be

" A creature not too bright or good
" For human nature's daily food;
" For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
" Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
" smiles!"

All of our readers who have ever been fortunate or unfortunate enough to think seriously upon this subject, will acknowledge the force and feeling of this idea, will recall to their minds the delight with which they have gazed on some April countenances, and conclude with us, that one smile or one tear which we ourselves can summon to the features of beauty, is worth all the calm regularity, all the still divinity, that ever was estimated from canvass, or adjusted from a block of marble.

The poem of the Redbreast and Butterfly is puerile beyond the power of imitation. It has been said that a leading fault of the present age, is the eager haste with which children are pressing to imitate men! in our opinion it is at least as disgusting to see men the the copyists of children.

The Sailor's Mother is not remarkable, though the sentiment is natural.

The beginning of the first sonnet to the small Celandine, or common Pilewort, is in the stile of the before extracted address to the Daisy; but the latter part is good, because, which is rather unusual throughout these volumes, it actually contains a thought.

" Comfort have thou of thy merit,
" Kindly, unassuming spirit!
" Careless of thy neighbourhood
" Thou dost shew thy pleasant face,
" On the moor, and in the wood,
" In the lane—there's not a place,
" Howsoever mean it be,
" But 'tis good enough for thee.

" Ill befall the yellow flowers,
" Children of the flaring hours,
" Buttercups, that will be seen,
" Whether we will see or no;
" Others too, of lofty mien;
" They have done as wordlings do,
" Taken praise that should be thine,
" Like humble celandine!"

Then comes another address to the same flower, which is very childish. And it is succeeded by a poem called, *A Character of the Happy Warrior*, very bald and ungrammatical, as *per sample*:

" Who is the happy warrior? Who is he,
" *Whom* every man in arms should wish to
" be?"

The Horn of Egremont Castle is unmeaning, and the Affliction of Margaret commom-place. The Kitten with the falling leaves is pretty, and the Seven Sisters a bad imitation of Ovid.

Then comes some lines to H. C. a child of six years old, which if the child understood, it must be a very extraordinary child—nay, we have no notion that the author himself would be capable of giving the remotest clue to their interpretation. But all this is only by way of preparation for an Address to the Glow-worm, which is, in our opinion, the very climax and *ne plus ultra* of absurdity. Our readers shall judge for themselves—

" Among all lovely things my love had been;
" Had noted well the stars, all flowers that
" grew
" About her home: but she had never seen
" A glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

" While riding near her home, one stormy
" night,
" A single glow-worm did I chance to espy;
" I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
" And from my horse I leap't; great joy
" had I.

" Upon a leaf the glow-worm did I lay,
" To bear it with me through the stormy
" night;
" And, as before, it shone without dismay;
" Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

" When to the dwelling of my love I came,
" I went into the orchard quietly;
" And left the glow-worm, blessing it by name,
" Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.

" The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped
" with fear;
" At night the glow-worm shone beneath
" the tree:
" I led my Lucy to the spot, 'Look here!'
" Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!

Pretty innocents!

Another string of flat lines about Lucy is succeeded by an ode to Duty, affecting much feeling, and affording a bad, very bad imitation of the style of Cowley. Then there are more things composed, shewing a tour, chiefly on foot. *Musa pedestris* indeed! All these, except one called Resolution and Independence, which is tolerable, are very silly—one about Beggars, one about a certain Alice Fell, one to a Sky-lark, and one to the Moon, which thus concludes:

" ——Had I
" The power of Merlin, Goddess, this should
" be:
" And all the stars, now shrouded up in
" heav'n,
" Should sally forth to keep thee company.

" What strife would then be yours, fair crea-
" ture, driven
" Now up, now down, and sparkling in your
" glee!
" But Cynthia, should to thee the palm be
" given,
" Queen both for beauty and for majesty."

The astronomer in Rasselas was nothing to our hypothetical star-gazer: but we cannot help remembering the reply that was made to the man who said, " If all churches were one " church, what a great church that would be " —and if all men were one man, what a great " man that would be."

Then follow twenty sonnets, of which the first is far-fetched, and the second leads to nothing; the third is unintelligible; and the fourth, sixth, and seventh dull; the fifth, eighth, and ninth unmeaning; the eleventh, though not his own, common-place; the twelfth, though a good psalm, yet ill-selected for the subject of a sonnet; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth to no purpose; the sixteenth incomprehensible; the eighteenth and nineteeth nonsense. The tenth, as well as the eleventh and twelfth, is a translation from Michael Angelo, but is the only one of the three that possesses much merit. The seventeenth is not without some desert; but the twentieth amused us most. It is a sort of paraphrase of Horace's *Exegi monumentum ære perennius:* but Mr. Wordsworth and Horace do not quite rank together, and Peter Pindar has wittily said,

" Fleas are not lobsters, damn their souls!"

This volume concludes with twenty-six sonnets to liberty, of which twenty-one are not worth the labour of perusal. The sixth and tenth are tolerable, the seventeenth and twentieth good, and the twenty-sixth finishes with the following forcible and complimentary lines, applied to the late administration:

" We shall exult, if they who rule the land
" Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
" Wise, upright, valiant; not a venal band,
" Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
" And honour which they do not understand!"

The second volume begins with some lines eulogistic of Rob Roy, a Scotch outlaw—the strain of this poem might be dangerous if it were not so foolish. The Solitary Reaper and Stepping Westward are poems both innocent of all meaning: the Grave of Ossian excites no poetical idea in our author's mind; and the Matron of Jedburgh is more moral than entertaining—so is the Address to the Sons of Burns. A sonnet, composed at some castle, informs us that though some trees have been cut down, yet, strange to relate, the ground on which they grew is still where it was: and the poem on Yarrow Mr. Wordsworth has long protracted, for the pleasure of concluding it with a nothing. All the first stanzas of this production are evidently borrowed from Horace's *Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen.* The lines to a Highland Girl, with a few errors, are very pretty; we think it but fair to extract them.

" Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
" Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
" Twice seven consenting years have shed
" Their utmost bounty on thy head,
" And these gray rocks, this household lawn,
" These trees, a veil just half withdrawn,
" This fall of water, that doth make
" A murmer near the silent lake;
" This little bay, a quiet road
" That holds in shelter thy abode;
" In truth together ye do seem
" Like something fashioned in a dream;
" Such forms as from their covert peep
" When earthly cares are laid asleep!
" Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
" I bless thee with a human heart:
" God shield thee to thy latest years!
" I neither know thee nor thy peers;
" And yet my eyes are filled with tears!

" With earnest feeling I shall pray
" For thee, when I am far away,
" For never saw I mien or face,
" In which more plainly I could trace
" Benignity and home-bred sense,
" Ripening in perfect innocence.
" Here, scatter'd like a random seed,
" Remote from men, thou dost not need
" Th' embarrass'd look of thy distress,
" And maidenly shame-facedness;
" Thou wear'st it upon thy forehead clear
" The freedom of a mountaineer,
" A face, with gladness overspread!
" Sweet looks, by human kindness bred!
" And seemliness complete, that sways
" Thy courtesies, about thee plays,
" With no restraint, but such as springs
" From quick and eager visitings,
" Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
" Of thy few words of English speech:
" A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
" That gives thy gestures grace and life!
" So have I, not unmoved in mind,
" Seen birds of tempest loving kind,
" Thus beating up against the wind.

" What hand but would a garland call
" For thee, who art so beautiful?
" O happy pleasure, here to dwell
" Beside thee in some heathly dell,
" Adopt your homely ways and dress,
" A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
" But I could frame a wish for thee
" More like a grave reality:
" Thou art to me but as a wave
" Of the wild sea; and I would have
" Some claim upon thee, if I could,
" Though but of common neighbourhood.
" What joy to hear thee, and to see!
" Thy elder brother I would be,
" Thy father—any thing to thee!

" Now thanks to Heaven, that of its grace
" Hath led me to this lonely place.
" Joy have I had; and going hence
" I bear away my recompence.
" In spots like these it is we prize
" Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
" Then, why should I be loth to stir?
" I feel this place was made for her;
" To give new pleasure like the past,
" Continued long as life shall last.
" Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
" Sweet Highland Girl, from thee to part;
" For I, methinks, till I grow old,
" As fair before me shall behold,
" As I do now, the cabin small,
" The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
" And thee, the spirit of them all!"

There is a story about a highland boy going to sea in a wash-tub, which may amuse children in the nursey; and there is a song about a linnet, which will never amuse any body any where. The lines to a young lady, who was in the habit of taking long walks, are forcible and feeling. There are a great many other little pieces, some of which are written upon subjects that give scope for the display of genius; but Mr. Wordsworth has, in very few instances, taken advantage of his opportunity, and these poems, as well as those which we have more minutely criticised, bear the general characteristics of an author easily satisfied with his own productions, however little those productions be likely to satisfy any body else.

Upon the whole we have a most unfavourable opinion of the volumes before us; a few beauties indeed are scattered abroad through their pages; but, like violets, they lie very low, and are difficult of discovery. Mr. Wordsworth has ruined himself by his affectation of simplicity. Most good authors have been content to form themselves on the models of polished writers: Mr. Scott, in the present day, has chosen to copy the language of barbarous ages; but it was reserved for Mr. Wordsworth to imitate the lisp of children.

THE BAROUCHE DRIVER AND HIS WIFE: A TALE FOR HAUT TON. *Containing a curious Biography of Living Characters, with Notes Explanatory. In two volumes. By Charles Sedley, Esq.*—THE INFIDEL MOTHER; OR, THREE WINTERS IN LONDON. *In three volumes. By Mr. Sedley.*—THE ROYAL ECLIPSE; OR, DELICATE FACTS. *Exhibiting the Secret Memoirs of Squire George and his Wife.*

OUR task, as Reviewers, we consider to impose upon us a two-fold duty; first, to bring forward to public notice those works that we think entitled to that distinction; and, secondly, to warn the public against those specious productions, which equally disgrace sound morals and elegant literature. We feel ourselves called upon in a special degree, as the servants of the "*Literary and Fashionable World*," to notice, in the strongest terms of reprobation, a new species to novel writing, that, within a few months past, has sprung up amongst us, and, unless effectually combatted, may lead to the vitiation of the public taste. We mean those productions which pass by the name of novels, but which are studiously obtruded on the public as the genuine, yet private, memoirs of persons of distinction. These scandalous and infamous libels, not less dishonourable to letters, than destructive to morals, have so multiplied of late, and their authors and publishers seem so bent on increasing their numbers, that we cannot, without a derilliction of our duty, pass them by, without using our best and honest endeavours to put a check to what we are persuaded is a serious, and, we fear, an increasing

evil. We have taken the liberty to stigmatize the productions to which we allude, with the opprobrious epithet of libels, and, therefore, we conceive it becomes, in some sort, necessary for us to explain what we mean by the word libel, in the criminal sense of that epithet. We must confess ourselves also enthusiastically attached to the liberty of the press, and, therefore, we cannot permit ourselves to apply so obnoxious a term as libels to any literary performance, without such an explanation as, we trust, to every candid mind, will prove our full and satisfactory vindication. Libels appear to us to be of three descriptions: of opinion; *contra bonos mores*; and those that militate against the quiet of individuals. We do not know that our courts of law have ever noticed any other species of libel; nor does the crime seem resolvable into more heads than we have divided it into. With regard to the first, we can scarcely conceive a possible case in which a libel of opinion ought to be prosecuted. One man is an Aristotelean, another a Cartesian; each publish their opinions—opinions equally harmless; but at Rome, the one is persecuted for his opinions, and the other for his opinions at Madrid. The second branch of libels, that which is contrary to good morals, is certainly a fair ground of prosecution; because whatever is offensive to morals, is an overt act against the peace of society; and such publications have never been vindicated even by the most vehement admirers of the freedom of the press. The last class of libels are those that have a tendency to injure the feelings of individuals, and at the present day are by far the most dangerous, and numerous species of libels.

The volumes under our consideration seem to come in a mixed degree under the two last definition of libels. They contain much that is offensive to good morals, and much (if their good sense does not render them above attending to such wretched trash) that must be offensive to the private feelings of individuals. Persons of the highest rank, with very little disguise of name, are there represented as lost to shame, and abandoned to all manner of vice, turpitude, and depravity. We will not sully our pages with recapitulating the abominable pollutions of these volumes; their monstrous and detestable slanders; their glaring and palpable falsehoods; their shameless immoralities; their gross, impure, depraved, licentious exhibitions. Whether Mr. Sedley be a real name, we will not stop a moment to enquire, because in this general repr bation of modern fashionable novels, it is not those that bear his name that we have solely in view, but that whole host of novels that of late have deluged the town, "*Summers*" at this place, and "*Winters*" at that, pretending to contain the memoirs of distinguished individuals, but, in fact, replete with narratives equally offensive to decency and truth. These authors have, of late, become very numerous; and the best way, perhaps, of examining their merits, is to state the way in which their productions are fabricated. It is as follows:—some person of sufficient consequence in the world to be talked of, furnishes, either through levity or criminality, a few equivocal paragraphs for the newspapers. Newspapers are seldom very tender of reputations, except where the interest of party are at stake, and, therefore, whenever a dearth of political intelligence takes place, they are careful to season their columns with *bon bouches* of domestic scandal. Comets and earthquakes are comparatively rare events, but conjugal infidelity, seduction, and ruin at the gaming table, to say nothing of the harmless eccentricities, or ludicrous follies of mankind, are things of daily occurrence; and form, as every one knows, no small part of what may be called the chit-chat of our diurnal prints. Now one of our modern novel writers, taking the newspaper for his text book, seizes upon some story or other, or some individual author that has occupied a more than common share of the public attention, and pretending to superior lights on subjects, which, from their nature, cannot be known but to the individuals immediately concerned, brings forward a new edition of the calumny, and, under some impudent title or other, imposes it on a credulous public as a veritable exposition of facts. The impudence of *Brass*, in *the Confederacy*, and the roguery of *Mrs. Amlet*, in the same piece, are tolerated, laughed at, and even win our favour, because they have wit to recommend them; but the impure harpies, that prey upon the vile carrion and putrid offals of the newspapers, are utterly exempt from the sin of wit, and at once provoke us by their immorality, and disgust us by their dullness. Whoever looks into these works for secret information will be most egregiously disappointed; and whoever looks into them for severity of satire, or poignancy of rebuke, will find themselves equally mistaken in their expectations. Indeed we do not know any species of literary composition that obtains the least countenance at the present day, so totally unworthy of the attention of readers of every class as the performances under our consideration. Men of sense will turn

from them with abhorrence, and those readers (we hope they are few) who ransack such volumes in hopes of meeting with such ideas and sentiment, as most men are ashamed to avow, will find their labour ill bestowed; for the ribaldry of these volumes, except what is taken from newspapers of recent date, has been retailed times innumerable before, and the follies, of more than half a century ago, are palmed upon us as the living manners of the age. Such a tissue of absurdities, lies, folly, and dullness, has not, we believe, issued from the English press since the days of the notorious Curl. We have not the volumes of that arch slanderer before us; they are now happily only in the hands of the curious; but we think it would be difficult to select from any of the multifarious volumes published by that *accomplished* bookseller, a passage more infamous and libellous than that which shall form our only quotation from the works of "*Charles Sedley*, "*Esq.*" That our readers may satisfy themselves we do not interpolate the passage, we shall give the volume and page where it is to be found. In the "*Barouche Driver and his* "*Wife*," volume the first, page 31, the following passage is to be met with:

"Selling bargains, smutty jests, or mimick-"ry of another's misfortunes, constitute the "wit, humour, and excellence which an Eng-"lishman is most solicitous to shine in."

We can freely excuse difference of opinion, either political or religious; that one man should be so wedded to liberty, as to think every possible restraint on the executive power, laudable and necessary; and another so attached to monarchical principles, as to think that unlimited power ought to be granted to an individual exempt from responsibility; or that one man should plead enthusiastically in favour of one system of doctrine, and another in favour of another: but we must freely acknowledge that our principles of toleration do not extend so far as to permit a miscreant and pestilent scribbler, to vilify and calumniate all that we have proved and known, and what the author, at the time it was written, had he possessed two grains of reflection, must have known was an insolent and atrocious falsehood. Good God! are we to be told, or hear with patience, that mimickry of another's misfortunes, constitutes the wit, humour, and excellence which an Englishman is most solicitous to shine in? Who before this man, this "*Charles Sedley*, "*Esq.*" has had the audacity to fix so base an imputation on the English character? Who before this man has had the hardihood to stand forth with the wholesale calumniator of a generous and compassionate nation? There are men in England, as there are doubtless in all large communities, who are disposed to rejoice over the misfortunes of individuals; but these are few and isolated cases, and the persons whose dispositions are so perverse, dare not, for shame, allow their malice to meet the public eye.

The selling of bargains, according to this scribbler, is another characteristic of Englishmen. What knowledge or experience can have authorised him to make this bold assertion? As a commercial nation we are doubtless tinctured with some of the faults attributed to trade; but we will assert, without any fear of contradiction, that for uprightness, candour, fair dealing, and liberality, the English merchant will stand the test with the traders of any country whatever. By the flippant words "*selling of bargains*," we conceive is meant, purchasing at as cheap a rate as possible, and selling as dearly as possible. Is this the spirit in which British commerce is carried on? It may be the spirit of a few paltry traffickers, but most assuredly it is not the animating spirit of the great mercantile interest of this country.

Another point remains for consideration. This wretched libeller asserts that "*smutty* "*jests*" (it is with reluctance we transcribe his own vulgar phraseology) constitute another of our favourite attainments. What society has this illiterate and profligate hireling kept, that he dare assert of his countrymen so unfounded a calumny? In what society, that at all deserves the name of polished society, could he have learned that the taste of Englishmen was so depraved and vitiated, that the spirit of conversation could not be kept alive, without violations of the laws of decency (for such is his meaning) and that the debauchee who transgressed them most grossly, (for this is his corollary) would be thought the finest wit in the company?—We contradict the assertion in *toto*, and confidently affirm, that where one individual is ambitious to excel in that abominable kind of conversation which this writer is charitable enough to charge upon the whole nation, ninety and nine individuals are of a different disposition, and strive to recommend themselves only by such qualities as are honourable to themselves and useful to others, superiority of information, and a desire to impart to others the advantages they themselves possess.

Our writer must have had himself in contemplation, when he talked of "*selling bar-*

"*gains*," for his volumes are charged at the rate of fourteen shillings, which no consciencious bookseller would have thought of charging at an higher rate than half that sum. The prime cost of his two volumes is somewhat under eighteen pence each volume, making at the same time a most liberal allowance for what is called copy-right; but himself or his publisher have the impudence to offer them to the public at the price of seven shillings a volume. This is selling a bargain with a vengeance! We are here speaking only of the price of paper and printing, and the time which it might cost a man to string together the quantity of silly stupid libels that these volumes contain. He must also have had himself in view when he talks of "*smutty jests*," and the "*mimickry of another's misfortunes*," for these indeed "constitute the wit, humour, and excellence," of his performance. With joyful hearts we now bid him adieu. Hitherto in our critical labours we have not had any very bad subjects to dissect; and we hope months will elapse before we shall have occasion again to notice works so offensive and worthless in every point of view as those on which we have now passed sentence of condemnation. We have this satisfaction, that our decision is sure to be approved of by every person of taste and delicacy; and those who may be inclined to countenance these works out of an idle curiosity, if they attend not to our warning, and the just character we have given of them, will continue to be duped out of their money without our feeling either compassion or respect for them. We tell them again that there is neither sense nor wit, nor satire in these red and yellow backed volumes with which the windows of show-booksellers have of late been crowded, and those who buy them with the hopes of coming at the fountain head of dark and mysterious intrigues, or expect to find in them correct delineations of the irregularities of high life, which they pretend to give, will find themselves altogether defrauded.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ODE TO HOPE.

BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

DECEIVER! Shadow tho' thou art,
Fair Hope thy rays dispense;
With fancied blessings guide my heart,
And mock the rules of sense.

By canker'd Sorrow when opprest,
Thy *fairy* dreams shall soothe my breast,
And drown in future joy my pain:
The happy hours, the fates bestow,
Thou'l't teach in milder hues to glow,
And fix their wayward fate.

Whilst Passions fierce, and Sorrows wan,
Extend their iron sway;
Whilst guilt and woe attend on man,
And veil his brightest day,
Thy fost'ring hand and gentle smile,
Can e'en the sighs of pain beguile,
Can grief assuage, and comfort bring,
Thy whisper soft, and bosom cheer,
Can paint with early bloom the year,
And *Winter* turn to *Spring*.

By rosy youth, with dimpled cheek,
And eyes that fire impart,
With looks that frolic pleasure speak,
And credulous of heart;
Thy precepts are ador'd as true;
From joy possess'd they fly to new,
And backwards scarce a look they fling:
Pleasure with *them* no period knows;
To them her silken chain she shews,
And hides her rapid wing:

For thee no thought too wide appears,
But clad in Fancy's trim,
O'er the dark flood of passing years,
The airy bubbles swim.

By thee, the wretch in dungeon pent,
Can schemes of fancied pow'r invent,
Can kingdoms give, and sceptres wave;
Tho' prest with chains his bosom beats,
For conquer'd realms and warlike feats,
Nor feels himself a slave.

Thou lov'st with flattering hand to paint
New wreaths on Fancy's brow,
Misfortunes veil in colours faint,
And grief reluctant shew.

With thee e'en *Love* no period knows,
His purple light serenely glows,
With sparkling blaze, yet still the same.
Friendship to thee no dream appears,
But on her snow-white shrine she rears,
A pure, tho' fainter flame.

Come then, I woo thy Summer reign,
The fleeting moments hail:
Tho' short-lived blessings form thy train,
And disappointment pale;
All nature courts thy gladsome hour,
To meet the sun-beam blows the flower,
And blossoms thro' its little day.
Thus I, tho' fate no bliss bestow,
Thy faint, but radiant beams would know,
And bask beneath thy ray.

ADDRESS TO A BUTTERFLY.

BRIGHT wanderer from a sunny sphere,
Where all is fair, where all is gay;
Ah! wherefore wing thy light course here,
To seek the sweets of absent May?

The simple sweets of April's reign,
Are lost in Summer's richer hue;
Whilst Autumn, with her sombre train,
Her colder lesson gives to you.

Yon rose, in lingering beauty drest,
May lure thee to her blushing seat;
But ah! beware that place of rest,
The wounding thorn's conceal'd retreat.

Go, seek the violet's humbler shade—
Go, seek the cowslip's golden bell;
Or lilies scattering o'er the glade,
Pure fragrance from their silken cell.

Or by the woodbined cottage door—
Go, safely seek a richer sweet,
And bend thy airy course no more
Near grandeur's gay delusive seat.

Tho' bright her buds, and fair her flow'rs,
And rich her transient sun-beams play
Beneath Misfortune's chilling hour,
With magic touch they melt away.

The rosy wreath by fashion wove,
Ne'er 'twin'd around Misfortune's dart;
Ne'er veil'd the flow'r of hopeless love,
Or blossom'd o'er a broken heart.

Go, then, and seek the cottage shade;
Ah! gaily seek her woodbine bow'r,
Nor fear should there thy course be stay'd,
To meet Misfortune's wintry hour.
For there thou'lt find beneath her storm,
Affection's warm and shelt'ring breast;
There Pity wears Maria's form,
And there she bids the wretched rest.

There blooms her flow'r that ne'er decays,
Her sun that ne'er declines;
The beam that round Affection plays,
And warms where'er it shines.

M. C.

ARIETTA FRANCAISE.

CHARMANTES Fleurs quittez les pres de Flore,
Je vous prepare un plus heureux destin;
Ornez l'objet que j'aime, et que j'adore;
Suivez ses pas, et mourez sur son sein.

Quand vous verriez la charmante Lisette,
Vous benirez mille fois votre sort;
Pour imiter ma constance parfaite
Vous ne voudrez la guitter qu'à la mort.

De la beauté vous etes la symbole,
Un jour helas! vous voit naitre et mourir;
Que ma Lisette apprenne à votre école
Que la sagesse est de savoir jouir.

AIR.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

GO, fragrant flowers, forsake your clay-cold bed,
Thrive in the sunshine of Lisetta's eye;
Live in its beam, and by its lustre fed,
Bloom in her breast, and on her bosom die.

There from those charms unwilling to remove,
Oh! let each flow'ret (emblematic wreath),
Live its short hour expressive of my love,
That fades to fall—nor languishes till death.

Emblem of youth! in beauty's charms array'd,
Blush like the morn, and close with closing day;
Then radiant wreath, go, teach the lovely maid,
Since life is short—'tis wisdom to be gay.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS LOUISA COOKE, OF BRISTOL.

STRANGER! with awe approach this weeping tomb—
Pause! and consider on life's transient scene,
For bound within its solitary gloom,
Lies one who shar'd of beauty's grace serene;
Mild—innocent and young! affection's queen!
Not all her charms, innumerous as they were,
Could stop the messenger's rapacious hand;
His shaft was fixt irrevocably there,
Nor wealth nor honours could the blow withstand!

But know, grim Herald! that thy strength were vain!
Her virtues challeng'd thy imperious arm:
Yes! they survive where thou shalt never reign,
Unknown to earthly cares—or earthly pain,
Where no assassins stimulate alarm!

7th Sept, 1807. *Amicus.*

LOVE AND ABSENCE.

CAN absence e'er sever the tie,
That binds my dear Rosa to me?
Can the glance of another one's eye
E'er steal my affection from thee?

Is thine image, which all must own fair,
So slightly impress'd on my heart,
To rule but a short moment there,
And then, like a shadow, depart?

No!—No beauty can ever dispel
The knowledge of thine from my breast:
No!—Ne'er can another's excel
The virtues, with which thou art blest:

Tho' thine absence keen anguish conveys;
Tho' my heart of all pleasure it robs;
Thy return for my torment repays,
While my bosom with ecstacy throbs.

My heart is not one of the streams,
Where shadows transparently play,
Yet lose the faint semblance that gleams,
As soon as the object's away:

My love's not a form on the sand,
Which may be dispers'd by the wave:—
'Tis Nature that bids it expand,
And gives it no end but the grave.

A SONNET.

ONE morn I rose oppress'd with woe.
For weary fou o' care I'd been;
And bright behind yon eastern hill,
Appear'd the rising sun—half seen.

My thoughts were bent on youthful days,
The happiest hours of mortal life;
These hours I wish'd were here again,
Still free from care, and thought, and strife.

Down Irthing's sylvan vale I stray'd,
The lark sweet warbled in the sky;
O happy bird! I pensive sigh'd,
For weary fou o' care was I.

Much happier far thou art than I,
Who keen have felt misfortune's blow;
With scarce a friend to sympathise,
Or raise me from the depth of woe.

I thought on man's weak hapless state,
With drooping hope and inward dread;
O Heavens! I cry'd, is this the path,
In which your *fav'rite*—Man must tread.

When lo! appear'd a form divine,
To staunch with balm my bleeding woes;
O cease! vain man, the vision spake,
To censure the eternal cause.

That great Almighty power which form'd
Best knows what thou canst bear; in sight
Still keep this one great truth, assur'd
"Whatever is" *his will*, "is right."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE duties of theatrical criticism, if strictly and religiously performed, are, of all others, perhaps, the most irksome and laborious. To be bound to a constant attendance upon theatres, an attendance, admitting in its nature of no relaxations, is undoubtedly one of those obligations which are the most irritating to the human mind. Labour, however uniform, has a grave and temperate quality, which cools and comforts the assiduous mind: but pleasure, whenever it does not accord with the humour of the moment, frets and inflames, instead of softening and regulating the feelings. How much then does the critic suffer, who not only goes perpetually to theatres, without any disposition for the task, but is also compelled to endure the sight of wretched plays, and good-for-nothing actors! Such, with very few exceptions, has been most notoriously the case at the Haymarket Theatre, where bad pieces are usually performed by worse players, where the tyranny of one niggardly proprietor makes the green-room a tartarus to the actors; and where

the heat, and narrow construction of the benches, both in boxes and pit, render the front of the house a pillory to the public.

After all these theatrical miseries, heartily, most heartily do we congratulate ourselves and the public, on the re-opening of the winter theatres; where, whatever faults may exist, at least the managers are less selfish, and the seats more commodious; where Shakspeare and Murphy supersede the system of three farces, and where the complexion of every muse is illustrated and improved by the genius of admirable actors. In dramatic vegetation, by an antiphysical course, the colder months are the parents of abundance; and July and August, which mature the blossoms of the trees, and the harvests of the earth, present to the mind little else than a bleak, unfruitful uniformity of dullness, an unvarying winter of gloom and desolation.

During the latter end of the Haymarket season, the benefits, of course, usurped a considerable portion of public attention; and it was a dispute, with regard to a benefit, that occasioned Mr. Decamp's relinquishment of his situation. The exact words which passed upon this question, it is difficult to ascertain, amid the mist that partiality and mistake invariably throw around such affairs; but as nearly as we can learn, the quarrel arose from the refusal of Mr. Winston, to lend the new dresses of the *Fortress*, for the representation of *Tekeli*, at the benefit of Mr. Decamp. There are few stingy, or ill-natured actions, of which we cannot conceive Mr. Winston to be capable; upon the present occasion he appears to have been not only stingy and ill-natured, but unjust. It is certainly true, that an actor is, in general, considered to possess no claim upon the new dresses of an unsuccessful piece; because such dresses, having been scarcely seen, may be put by for a season, and produced in another play, with all the brilliance of novelty. But the *Fortress*, though it ran only a few nights, yet was by no means so unfortunate as to take a place upon the list of failures, and the dresses had been at least enough seen to outrun all prospect of novel appearance in another year. They were, properly speaking, a part of the theatrical stock: for after a piece is become exhausted, surely the performers, who pay so large a sum for each benefit, ought to have the advantage of dresses that are no longer in what is called their run. We are not sure whether, in strict justice, the performers ought not to have the use of dresses even during their run. Upon failure, the actors ought not to enjoy this advantage, because the misfortune falls heavily on the whole house: every body should share its weight: and the failure may, in some instances, though very rarely, have been partly attributable to the actors: but when a piece succeeds, why should its ornaments be withheld? The managers, in calculating the vast sum which they force a performer to pay for his benefit, take into their average estimate all the possible expences, which, in the course of the year, conduce toward the furtherance of their concern: so that each performer, at his benefit, pays the proportion of one night towards the stock of the theatre: is it then more than just that each performer should enjoy, on his own night, that stock for which he on his own night pays? But if justice were totally out of the question, would any man but Mr. Winston have refused the dresses of the *Fortress* to Mr. Decamp, even on the ground of generosity? If any person was strongly instrumental in procuring the success which did attend the *Fortress*, surely that person was Mr. Decamp. But why do we talk of generosity, and Mr. Winston, in one sentence? this is not an age of miracles! and Mr. Decamp has not the power of Moses, to draw water from a rock. He resigned his engagement at the theatre.

On the 27th of August, Mr. Mathew's produced, for his benefit, a comic sketch, called *Music-Mad;* which was so well acted, that the managers were induced to repeat it on the 28th, and several subsequent evenings. It is another windfall from the fertile stock of Mr. Theodore Hook; and he has shown his good sense in calling it a sketch. It is altered from the famous comic opera of *Il Fanatico per la Musica*: it abounds with puns, and was highly satisfactory to a great part of the audience. Indeed, for a thing which without aspiring to the title even of farce, has the decorum to rest contented with the name of *Comic Sketch, in one act*, it was quite good enough: and if we were to enter into a *regular* criticism upon its *irregularities*, we should only be like the man who published a disquisition on the intellect of fleas.

The season concluded with *Hamlet*, and *Tom Thumb*. Between the play and farce, Mr. Fawcett delivered the following address:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*,

"At the request of the proprietors, I have "now the honour of appearing before you, to "express their sense of the liberal encouragement you have bestowed on their efforts dur- "ing a season which this evening brings to a

"close. While they possess the sincerest gra-
"titude for past favours, it will be their
"strenuous aim to merit its continuance by fu-
"ture exertion. Permit me also, Ladies and
"Gentlemen, to assure you, that all the per-
"formers are warmly impressed with the ge-
"nerous support they have received; and we
"now, most respectfully, bid you farewell."

Having thought it fitting, at the conclusion of the last winter, to say a few words, by way of general retrospect, on the merits of the performers at both houses, we now subjoin some remarks upon the actors of the Haymarket. We first will speak of Mr. Young.

This gentleman having acted *Hamlet* with great success, and indeed evinced, in two scenes of that difficult character, powers of a very admirable and transcendent lustre; was afterwards the hero of the house; performed *the Stranger* extremely well, and though by no means excellent in *Hotspur*, or *Don Felix*, yet in *Penruddock*, and *Sir Edward Mortimer*, *Octavian*, and *Frederick Bramble*, was deserving of much praise. He certainly was not so successful in comedy as in tragedy; but his powers were such as to make him at least good enough for the leader of the Haymarket, both in sock and buskin, according to the rate of merit that surrounded him: and we have no hesitation in pronouncing, that in tragedy, he deserves to be engaged as the principal actor of Drury Lane. We do not mean to undervalue Mr. Elliston, but tragedy is not his forte; and as far as he excels Mr. Young in comedy, by so much does Mr. Young surpass him in tragedy. In a winter theatre, it is not fitting that one man should do every thing; for if one man *will* do every thing, some thing must be ill done. The human mind, and the human constitution cannot endure the fatigue of *properly* playing first-rate characters every night for nine months. Tragedy, if it take full possession of an actor's genius, will generally give it ample exercise: comedy, studied with due science, is, usually, by itself a sufficient pursuit; and an actor who confines his soul to either of them alone, may make a great impression. But when he attempts to combine both, and values himself on playing often, he will find that his credit, for versatility, must be purchased by surrendering all chance of obtaining reputation for striking genius, and that the two pursuits united, will, like alkali and acid, effect a complete neutralization. Let Mr. Elliston take comedy, and Mr. Young tragedy: then, as Dr. Goldsmith has expressed it, these two excellent actors, "*like the two kings of Brentford*," smelling at the different flowers of a noesgay, "*may walk hand in hand, smiling onward to* "*immortality.*"

The actor, who in situation ranks next to Mr. Young, is Mr. Palmer, jun. whose unfortunate aukwardness makes a most unpleasant contrast with the gay and gallant deportment of his lamented father. Whether the contortions of his lower jaw, or the undulations of his oscillating hip-bones be the more conspicuous, it is difficult to determine; but this very *rowley-powley* actor has merits in his head and heart, which now and then blaze out through all the disadvantages of his countenance and gesture. He is, what few performers now-a-days are—an actor of feeling; and we regret that he has not taken Lord Chesterfield's advice, and directed some attention to the graces.

Mr. Decamp, though not a fine actor, is entitled to praise: he has much of that easy manner which Mr. Palmer wants.

Of Fawcett, Mathews, and Liston, we have spoken in our review of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden companies. They certainly have lost no fame by their summer campaign. To the merits of Mr. Liston, and Mr. Fawcett, in their particular lines, it is almost impossible to do justice: and if we, for a moment, call in question the propriety of the favour with which Mr. Mathews is treated by the town, it is only to record our protest against the admiration with which the people considered his *Sir Fretful Plagiary*.

Mr. Taylor has sustained the first musical characters: but we think him a better actor than singer.

There is no other gentleman whom we can speak of with any panegyrical epithet, stronger than respectable. Mr. Chapman speaks sensibly, and Mr. Wharton, in a coat and waistcoat, is decent. Mr. Grove is an indifferent actor, and we cannot praise Mr. Noble, or Mr. Carles.

Let us pass to the ladies; "If the winds re-
"ject you, try the waves."

Mrs. Litchfield plays the principal parts in tragedy and comedy; and is, to speak the truth in a broad way, as bad an actress as we ever wish to see. Vehement and vociferous, without feeling and without discrimination, she expects to carry our admiration by storm; and hopes to effect a subjugation of the heart, by splitting the drum of the ear. A bad billiard-player strikes forcibly, that he may take the chance of the tables to give him what his skill could never attain: and Mrs. Litchfield, who does not at all enter into the science of her profession, makes a violent use of the clear and

powerful voice with which nature has gifted her, in hopes that amid the rattle of forcible sounds, some lucky tone may strike justly upon the ear, and pass for a pre-concerted beauty.

Miss Taylor whines with as little distinction as Mrs. Litchfield makes in shouting. However, she is pretty, and possesses a fine figure.

Mrs. Davenport is a valuable actress.

Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Mathews both sing. Mrs. Mathews has the prettiest foot in the world.

Mrs. Gibbs is growing a little too much *en bon point*: but she has a great deal of merit, and in such a company is really a star.

Yet there is only one lady in the company, of whom we can speak with bold and broad praise—it is unnecessary to say that we mean Mrs. Liston: who in her own style of singing is excelled by none, and is equalled only by Mrs. Bland. But as an actress, Mrs. Liston is infinitely superior to the little warbler of Drury Lane, and possesses a fund of comic humour, which, though it now and then leads her almost into a dangerous extreme, yet seldom fails to be excessively diverting.

Thus then, excepting Mr. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. Liston, and, in some characters, Mr. Young, there has been no actor in the Haymarket Theatre, who stands in the first rank of the profession, for tragic, or for comic, or for musical powers: for Mr. Mathews himself is not Mr. Munden; and Mr. Taylor, except in his admirable imitations, is not Mr. Incledon.

There is one person whom we have not mentioned among the actors, because he claims also another character, that of manager—we mean Mr. Winston. But as he will make a most glorious finale, and is, indeed, a tit-bit worthy of the finest critic, we have reserved him for our *bonne-bouche*. Shall we speak of him as an actor, or as a manager? Is he either? or both? or nothing? He cannot be an actor, for he does not know how to speak English. He cannot be a manager, for he does not know how to regulate his theatre. And yet he cannot be nothing—for he is often hissed, and it is impossible to hiss nothing. Then what is he? We answer, like *Filch*, in *the Beggars' Opera*. "Now really, Ma'am, don't ax me." But there are two instances of decency in this managerical non-descript, which we feel ourselves bound to record. Why did Mr. Fawcett speak the farewell address? Because Mr. Winston, with a becoming modesty, felt his own utter incapability to speak a sentence of English; and considered that he must appear most ironically jocular, in returning thanks to the public for applause which the public had unequivocally denied to him. The other instance of his decency is a resolution, which, we understand he has taken, of retiring from the stage. Such a resolution shews not only modesty, but a proper pride in this gay deceiver: modesty, in withdrawing himself from a situation which he is unfit for; and proper pride in refusing to appear to audiences who have shewn so great a backwardness in appearing to him.

Farewell, a long farewell to the Haymarket Theatre! Horace, in the Epistle to Florus, tells a story of a gentleman, who, though in all other respects a very sensible and estimable man, had a habit of sitting in the empty theatre, and fancying that certain fine actors and fine plays, which he had before seen, were then upon the stage. His friends had great difficulty in curing him of this insanity. What a pity it was, that they had no opportunity of taking him some night to the Haymarket; the devil must have been in him, if he could have taken any pleasure in fancying next day that he beheld a repetition of the performances exhibited there!

DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday, the 17th of September, Drury Lane Theatre opened with the comedy of *the Country Girl*, and the farce of *the Weathercock*. This theatre was thus three days behind Covent Garden, a circumstance which was extremely unusual, and which, of course, gave rise to a great deal of conjecture. The most credible report which we have been able to gather is, that the treasury of Drury Lane was at so very low an ebb, that the managers actually had not money enough to commence their exhibitions. A letter was written by the Drury Lane administration to Mr. Harris, proposing a postponement of the Covent Garden performances, and urging the propriety of a uniform beginning. But Mr. Harris returned for answer, that his arrangements were definitively made, and that he really *could not think of doing such injustice to his performers*, as to keep them out of their engagements for a single day beyond the appointed period. We commend Mr. Harris's adherence to his original intention, because we are always happy to see good acting begin as early in the year as possible: but as to his regard for his performers, "*credat Judæus!*" Let the treasurer's list be the voucher!

In selecting the *Country Girl* for their first play, the managers of Drury Lane displayed

considerable prudence; for Mrs. Jordan was to act, and there is nothing in which her merit is more conspicuous. This is one of the plays called classical, and which are placed in invidious contradiction to the comedies of the present day. It is the piece that Mr. Garrick altered from the *Country Wife* of the renowned Wycherley; which *Country Wife* was so obscene that it was judged unfit for public exhibition. This Wycherley is placed by some critics upon a footing with Congreve, Farquhar, Vanburgh, and Sheridan; with what justice, those persons may judge, who have seen his *Country Wife*, even under its present improved and decent dress of the *Country Girl*. Some comedies have held high situations upon the stage for the purity of their style and the elegance of their sentiment: others have been admired for the force of their situation and the brilliancy of their wit. But the *Country Girl*, when pushed forward as a first rate comedy, will scarcely bear a moment's observation; for, to confess the truth, it is neither one thing nor the other—has neither light nor shade—neither sunshine nor rain—neither amuses the fancy, nor touches the heart. But Mrs. Jordan acts the heroine of it most admirably: and the merit of the Performer exalts the play. Barrymore and Holland were respectable in *Harcourt* and *Belville*; and Palmer was decent in *Sparkish*.

In the farce of the *Weathercock*, Bannister was as ludicrous as usual, and Mrs. Mountain sang extremely well. They were both received with great applause. But we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Mountain would be still more admired if she would learn to articulate the words of her songs. As to her acting we will say nothing; for though it is always obnoxious to censure, yet it will scarcely be altered [illegible]e better at this time of day; and singers [illegible]m the rarity of their musical talent, have a sort of privilege to act indifferently.

On the Saturday Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Elliston were received with much approbation as *Belcour* and *O'Flaherty* in the *West Indian*.

On the following Tuesday was performed the comedy of *The Wonder*, a play with a most ungallant title: for the "*wonder*" is that "*a woman keeps a secret*." Mr. Elliston played *Felix*, and was in many passages very successful; but, perhaps, he has scarcely discrimination enough to perform it completely as it should be. Mrs. Jordan's *Violante*, like most other of her fine ladies, was but a middling exhibition: she does, indeed, glitter in simple characters, but, though it may seem a little paradoxical, she does not *shine* in spangles.

The farce of *the Poor Soldier* introduced to the public a Madame Daponta, in the character of *Patrick*. That celebrated Amazon, Mrs. Kennedy, was remarkable for the rattling style in which she played this part, and her deep voice enabled her to sing the songs with great effect. But we are a little surprised that Madame Daponta should have chosen to make her first appearance in a man's part, although her reception seemed to justify her adventure. She has a voice of considerable depth, and was very successful in the song of *My Friend and Pitcher*; but she sings her music without cadence, almost exactly as it is written, and appears to have very little science. But with so strong and, we may add, sometimes so sweet a voice, she is likely to become a favourite; for as she possesses the great material, a powerful organ, the ornaments and elegancies of art may be acquired by attention and diligence. Mrs. Whitlock, who has for several years been the heroine of the American theatres, is about to appear as *Elvira*, in the tragedy of *Percy*. The other forth-coming novelties of Drury-Lane, are a play by Mr. Eyre, the actor; and a comedy by Mr. H. Siddons, of which theatrical report speaks very favourably.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday the 14th of September, Covent Garden Theatre opened with the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, and the farce of the *Poor Soldier*. Mr. Charles Kemble was very successful in *Romeo*. His person, his elegance of manner, and his just discrimination of feeling, render him by far the best *Romeo* on the stage. This excellent actor, like Mr. Fox, always rises with his subject. In parts of no consideration, he sometimes wants animation; but in characters of importance, where much is expected, much is always done by him. Miss Smith evinced striking marks of genius in *Juliet*. Her general manner does not exactly accord with the idea which Shakspeare has given us of the fair Capulet; for her person is womanish, and her face rather handsome than pretty: but there were several instances in which her genius triumphed over every natural inconformity, and she proved that in her summer excursion she had enlarged her mind, as well as her circuit. Mr. Lewis in *Mercutio* was very entertaining, and if he would abstain from imitating the snore of a soldier, in the famous description of Queen Mab's adventures, would, perhaps, be

a more just representative of this lively gentleman. The *Romeo*, the *Juliet*, and the *Mercutio* were all received with the loudest applauses. In the farce, Mr. Incledon and Miss Bolton, were received with bursts of satisfaction. Their singing in this piece is an exquisite treat, and the admirable drollery of Mr. Munden, contributed to render the *Poor Soldier* one of the most perfect representations that are to be found upon the stage.

On the 16th was performed the *Beggars' Opera*, which, as we have before had occasion to observe, affords an opportunity for the display of a constellation of talent: in that constellation Mr. Incledon, Mrs. Charles Kemble, and Miss Bolton, were most conspicuously brilliant. In the excellent farce of *Raising the Wind*, Mr. Lewis as *Diddler*, kept the house in roars of laughter, and, in truth, out-did almost every comic exhibition that we ever remember to have witnessed. Mr. Emery was admirable in *Sam*: but the chief novelty of the evening, was the appearance of Miss Decamp in *Peggy Plainway*. This young lady is a sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble, but clearly needs no recommendation to obtain the approbation of the public. Her figure is elegant, and her voice pleasing: she has been acting in the country during the summer, and though evidently much alarmed by the awful appearance of a London audience, has, if we may judge from her representation of so insignificant a character, no reason for any apprehension.

On Friday Mr. Kemble appeared in the character of *Penruddock*, and obtained that applause which so distinguished a master never fails to command in the exercise of his art. The farce was the *Escapes*; in which Miss Bolton introduced a beautiful air called *O'er the Mountain*, composed by Mr. Bishop, which was enthusiastically received. Mr. Bishop has lately signalised himself by several beautiful compositions in Mr. Incledon's summer entertainment of a *Voyage to India*, and by the striking scene called *Eloisa*, which was last winter performed with so much *eclat* at Covent Garden.

The play of *Cymbeline*, which in the bills is rather whimsically styed, *a comedy*, was performed on Monday the 21st, for the purpose of introducing a Miss Norton, in the character of *Imogen*. This young lady does not appear to us to possess the necessary requisites for the delineation of such a character. To act the dawdling misses of modern comedy, is an easy business; for there to behave modestly and look prettily is quite sufficient. But to animate the text of Shakspeare, and give reality to the beautiful effusions of his eternally varying imagination, is a task by no means within the reach of every heroine who issues from the green-room of a country theatre. Among the numerous actors, many of them highly meritorious in their own walks, who grace our London stages, how few, how very few are there, that even understand the meaning of our great poet, whom the bad taste of his time has rendered, in some instances, obscure, whom the lapse of time has made in other passages obsolete, and whom the force of his genius has still oftener elevated beyond the pursuit of ordinary souls. And among the few that understand, how much smaller is the number of those that can express the sense of Shakspeare! But if Miss Norton be unfit for the delineation of such a character as *Imogen*, she needs not therefore give up all hope; she may be a tolerable representative of the damsels in comedy; but we are afraid she will be of little service at Covent Garden, because there is already in this theatre the beautiful Miss Brunton, who acts quite well enough for that sort of thing; and even were Miss Brunton to retire, there are several young ladies whose appearance and elegance of manner entitle them to a preference over Miss Norton. A country theatre appears to be her properest sphere. From a country theatre she came, and to a country theatre, if she be wise, she will return, before a London audience have thrown a discredit upon the talents that she does possess. Icarus in the fable flew very well, till he mounted too near the sun: but when the heat of that luminary melted the waxen cement of his wings, he fell headlong to the ocean, and sank, to rise no more! Miss Norton is too affected, and wants discrimination, nor has she those advantages which supported Mrs. Henry Johnston and some other bad actresses, the merits of figure or beauty. It would, indeed, be hard, if genius should be rejected for want of personal charms: but we are afraid Miss Norton has neither beauty enough to compenstate for want of skill, nor skill enough to compensate for want of beauty. Her performance of *Lady Amaranth*, in *Wild Oats*, gave us no reason to change our opinion.

Mr. Kemble was brilliant in *Posthumus*: and there was a rolling ease about the manner of Mr. Pope, which did not ill accord with the gay, bold-faced villainy of *Iachimo*.

Among the novelties of the season is an Opera, written by Dibdin, and composed by Shield. Mrs. Dickons, it is said, will make her appearance in *Artaxerxes*. Mrs. Henry Johnston's

mortifying repulse from the Bath audience, was occasioned by her late indecorous abandonment of her husband and children, she is to make her appearance at Govent Garden; and if the public in London think fit to overlook her conduct, and receive her with as much favour as they shewed to her in her days of decency, she is to have a permanent engagement. Perhaps the audiences have in no instance a right to investigate the private characters of performers; but if they are to exercise such a power, we hope they will exercise it with due justice, and endeavour to prevent the prostitution of the stage, by refusing to admit those persons in public, who have rendered themselves unworthy of consideration in private.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1807.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

AT the time our last retrospect was written, the whole attention of the public was turned to the expedition to the Baltic. Since the memorable expedition to Holland, in 1799, so formidable a British force has not been employed on any foreign expedition, and we rejoice to say that the result has been very different from that of the former ill-advised and worse executed scheme for rescuing the United Provinces from the grasp of France. Viewing our proceedings against Copenhagen only in a military view, they seem entitled to the warmest approbation. The different landings were made with caution and judgment; every step taken by the commanders appear to have been regulated by an anxious care to avoid the unnecessary effusion of human blood; and above all their treatment of the vanquished has been marked with singular mildness, humanity, and forbearance. These are topics on which it is impossible for us to with-hold our praise; but as the British Government have issued the following declaration, we deem it necessary to insert it, by which the world at large will see the prudent precautions of the present ministry; and will unanimously agree as to the necessity of the late vigorous measures; and as the declaration appears to us perfectly satisfactory we shall give it without further comments.

BRITISH DECLARATION.

" His Majesty owes to himself and to Europe " a frank exposition of the motives which have " dictated his late measures in the Baltic.

" His Majesty has delayed this exposition " only in the hope of that more amicable arrangement with the Court of Denmark, which " it was his Majesty's first wish and endeavour " to obtain, for which he was ready to make " great efforts and great sacrifices; and of " which he never lost sight, even in the moment of the most decisive hostility.

" Deeply as the disappointment of this hope " has been felt by his Majesty, he has the " consolation of reflecting, that no exertion " was left untried on his part to produce a different result. And while he laments the " cruel necessity which has obliged him to " have recourse to acts of hostility against a " nation with which it was his Majesty's most " earnest desire to have established the relations " of common interest and alliance; his Majesty " feels confident that, in the eyes of Europe " and of the world, the justification of his conduct will be found in the commanding and " indispensable duty, paramount to all others " amongst the obligations of a Sovereign, of " providing, while there was yet time, for the " immediate security of his people.

" His Majesty had received the most positive " information of the determination of the present Ruler of France, to occupy, with a military force, the territory of Holstein, for " the purpose of excluding Great Britain from " all her accustomed channels of communication with the Continent; of inducing or compelling the Court of Denmark to close the " passage of the Sound against the British " commerce and navigation; and of availing " himself of the aid of the Danish marine for " the invasion of Great Britain and of Ireland.

" Confident as his Majesty was of the authenticity of the sources from which this intelligence was derived, and confirmed in the " credit which he gave to it, as well by the " notorious and repeated declarations of the " enemy, and by his recent occupation of the " towns and territories of other neutral states, " as by the preparations actually made for collecting a hostile force upon the frontiers of " his Danish Majesty's continental dominions.

" His Majesty would yet willingly have forborne to act upon this intelligence, until the complete and practical disclosure of the plan had made manifest to all the world the absolute necessity of resisting it.

" His Majesty did forbear, as long as there could be a doubt of the urgency of the danger, or a hope of an effectual counteraction to it, in the means or in the dispositions of Denmark.

" But his Majesty could not but recollect that when, at the close of the former war, the Court of Denmark engaged in a hostile confederacy against Great Britain, the apology offered by that Court for so unjustifiable an abandonment of a neutrality, which his Majesty had never ceased to respect, was founded on its avowed inability to resist the operation of external influence, and the threats of a formidable neighbouring power. His Majesty could not but compare the degree of influence, which at that time determined the decision of the Court of Denmark, in violation of positive engagements, solemnly contracted but six months before, with the increased operation which France had now the means of giving to the same principle of intimidation, with kingdoms prostrate at her feet, and with the population of nations under her banners.

" Nor was the danger less imminent than certain. Already the army destined for the invasion of Holstein was assembling on the violated territory of neutral Hamburgh. And, Holstein once occupied, the Island of Zealand was at the mercy of France, and the navy of Denmark at her disposal.

" It is true, a British force might have found its way into the Baltic, and checked for a time the movements of the Danish marine. But the season was approaching when that precaution would no longer have availed; and when his Majesty's fleet must have retired from that sea, and permitted France, in undisturbed security, to accumulate the means of offence against his Majesty's dominions.

" Yet, even under these circumstances, in calling upon Denmark for the satisfaction and security which his Majesty was compelled to require, and in demanding the only pledge by which that security could be rendered effectual—the temporary possession of that fleet, which was the chief inducement to France for forcing Denmark into hostilities with Great Britain;—His Majesty accompanied this demand with the offer of every condition which could tend to reconcile it to the interests and to the feelings of the Court of Denmark.

" It was for Denmark herself to state the terms and stipulations which she might require.

" If Denmark was apprehensive that the surrender of her fleet would be resented by France as an act of connivance, his Majesty had prepared a land force of such formidable magnitude as must have made concession justifiable even in the estimation of France, by rendering resistance altogether unavailing.

" If Denmark was really prepared to resist the demands of France, and to maintain her independence, his Majesty proffered his co-operation for her defence — naval, military, and pecuniary aid; the guarantee of her European territories, and the security and extension of her colonial possessions.

" That the sword has been drawn in the execution of a service indispensable to the safety of his Majesty's dominions, is matter of sincere and painful regret to his Majesty. That the state and circumstances of the world are such, as to have required and justified the measures of self-preservation, to which his Majesty has found himself under the necessity of resorting, is a truth which his Majesty deeply deplores, but for which he is in no degree responsible.

" His Majesty has long carried on a most unequal contest of scrupulous forbearance against unrelenting violence and oppression. But that forbearance has its bounds. When the design was openly avowed, and already but too far advanced towards its accomplishment, of subjecting the powers of Europe to one universal usurpation, and of combining them by terror, or by force, in a confederacy against the maritime rights and political existence of this kingdom, it became necessary for his Majesty to anticipate the success of a sytsem, not more fatal to his interests than to those of the powers who were destined to be the instruments of its execution.

" It was time that the effects of that dread which France has inspired into the nations of the world, should be counteracted by an exertion of the power of Great Britain, called for by the exigency of the crisis, and proportioned to the magnitude of the danger.

" Notwithstanding the declaration of war on the part of the Danish government, it still remains for Denmark to determine, whether war shall continue between the two nations. His Majesty still proffers an amicable ar-

"rangement. He is anxious to sheath the "sword, which he has been most reluctantly "compelled to draw. He is ready to demon- "strate to Denmark and to the world, that "having acted solely upon the sense of what "was due to the security of his own dominions, "he is not desirous from any other motive, or "for any object of advantage or aggrandise- "ment, to carry measures of hostility beyond "the limits of the necessity which has pro- "duced them.

"*Westminster, Sept.* 25, 1807."

Had a contrary line of conduct been pursued, than that adopted by the British Commanders, it would have covered our fleet and army with lasting disgrace. The war with Denmark can only be justified on the ground of irresistible necessity, and there are not wanting those who deny the existence of that necessity; but without entering into an examination either of the justice or expediency of the war, there are none, we trust, who will not cordially rejoice with us, to find it conducted with temper and moderation, and to perceive in the language of the Commanders in Chief, and in the articles of capitulation, a marked attention to the feelings of the Danes. This is the only way in which we can hope to regain the confidence of that brave and respectable people, and we hope that the period of returning amity is not far distant.

It appears by the official dispatches that we have gained possession of eighteen sail of the line, fifteen frigates, and thirty brigs, gun-boats, and vessels of other denominations. A report was in circulation for a few days, which, had it been well founded, would have fixed a stain of indelible infamy on the character of the Danes. The report was, that they had caused a large hole to be cut in the bow of each of their ships, under the line of flotation, which was covered with a slight plank and a pitched canvass, so as to give it the same appearance as the other parts of the ship, but of so slight a nature, that had the ships encountered the stormy waves of the North Sea, they must inevitably have foundered. This it was very properly contended, was a fraudulent and treacherous manœuvre which no animosity of war could possibly justify. Happily, however, for the honour of Denmark, the story appears to have been unfounded. Their ships were cut with a view of scuttling them in their own harbour, but there was no concealment whatever in the case, and the injury the ships had received was perceived the moment they were taken possession of. Indeed we may be allowed to express some surprise that the Danes did not adopt the expedient of scuttling their ships rather than let them fall into our hands. At the siege of the Havannah, in 1762, the Spaniards sunk several of their ships, which, we believe, were recovered after the British force had evacuated that place. We cannot pretend to explain the motives by which the Danish commanders were actuated, but we are happy to have it in our power completely to exonerate them from the charge of secret and premeditated treachery.

No accounts have as yet been received, which can be deemed perfectly authentic, of the damage which the City of Copenhagen received from the bombardment, but we fear whenever the details arrive they will present a dreadful picture of human ruin and misery. The imagination of man cannot form a scene more dreadful than that of an opulent and populous city exposed to the horrors of a bombardment. In the field of battle it is presumed that none are to be found but the brave and the robust; and however sanguinary the conflict, none fall without arms in their hands, or without attempting the destruction of their enemies. But in the bombardment of a city, on whom does the burden and havoc of destruction principally fall? Not on those who man the ramparts, not on the armed population of the place, the vigorous and the stout-hearted, but on the feeble and the defenceless, on women and children incapable of resistance, on the diseased, and on the impotent. The property too that is destroyed on such occasions is most commonly either the property of innocent sufferers, or that sort of public property, in which every individual conceiving they have a common right, feel the destruction of as an individual loss. The number of houses destroyed at Copenhagen has been estimated at about 400, and those materially damaged far exceed that number. Of the public edifices that have been ruined, the great church is the principal that we have heard of, and we sincerely hope, that when authentic accounts arrive, it will be found that the destruction of public and private property has been less extensive than it has been represented. We have seen it suggested that a subscription should be opened for the relief of the suffering Danes, and our cordial wishes attend the benevolent proposal, though we have strong doubts of the legality of the measure. If irresistible necessity, that is the vital principle of self defence, has compelled us to commit hostilities against the

Danes, there can be no policy so sound, no system so salutary and wise, as that which has a manifold tendency to reconcile that brave and manly people to us, and to unite us again in bonds of reciprocal friendship and esteem. We know no way better calculated to convince the Danes of the reluctance with which we have waged war against them, and of the sincere concern which we take in their misfortunes, than by extending to them, in this the hour of their unmerited calamity, that national benevolence, which on many occasions, and much to her honour, Britain has conspicuously displayed.

We cannot certainly compare our achievement at Copenhagen with the exploits of a Marlborough or an Eugene, but we can confidently assert that the result of the expedition reflects great credit on the commanders. Lord Cathcart had before honourably distinguished himself on the plains of Flanders and in Ireland, and Admiral Gambier was one of the heroes, whose excellent conduct on the glorious first of June, 1794, called forth the particular eulogium of the illustrious Howe. From such commanders much was expected, and much have been performed: we rejoice to hear that their merits have been acknowledged in the most gracious manner by the Sovereign, and that they are likely to be suitably rewarded.

While the British arms are thus gaining laurels in the northern extremity of Europe, we lament that it falls to our lot to record a very different account of the success of our forces in a distant quarter. Whether the expedition to Spanish South America, was well or ill devised, in the first instance, it is now scarcely worth while to consider; but the most common opinion appears to be, that it was ill advised in the first instance, and it has terminated unfortunately, in the confusion and disgrace of the planners and conductors of it. We are well persuaded that there are no braver troops in Europe than the British forces, but at the same time we fear there are none more inadequately commanded. Of this the disastrous termination of the expedition against Buenos Ayres is a melancholy proof. Some of our losses in the American war were sufficiently disgraceful, but still not to compare with the dishonour our arms has received at Buenos Ayres. We attach no blame to the soldiery, or to the subaltern officers; whatever steady discipline and undaunted courage could perform, they effected; but so wild a plan of attack, against a place abounding in inhabitants, who were known to be animated with the bitterest spirit of hostility against the British name, never before entered into the mind of a commander. Setting a part the bravery of the officers and men, never was there an attack so wretchedly planned and conducted. Had our Generals acted with as little discretion at Copenhagen, what would have been the result? That half of our men must have miserably lost their lives, and the other half have purchased their safety by a shameful capitulation. We have heard it asked why was not the attack made with artillery? Why was not the town regularly bombarded?—or if it was necessary to attempt to carry the place by storm, why were the troops forbid to charge their muskets? We confess ourselves wholly unable to resolve these questions; but, we trust, an enquiry will take place, and should misconduct be proved against any one, we hope neither influence nor powerful connection will be permitted to screen the culpit from punishment.

By the articles of capitulation, which concluded this rash and mismanaged affair, Monte Video, and every other place in Spanish South America, were to be evacuated by the British forces within two months; and thus vanish for ever all our flattering prospects of empire and conquest in the rich provinces of the new world.

The last Lisbon mail brings intelligence, that the Emperor of the French had made a demand on the Portuguese government of four million crusadoes, (500,000*l.* sterling); and that the Court of Lisbon, either unwilling, or unable to comply with this new requisition, had determined to abandon that city, and embark for the Brazils. Had the Dutch been vanquished in the Netherlands, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was their intention to embark on board their ships, and sail to their settlements in the East Indies, where the power of Philip could not have reached. Whether the tyranny of Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, will compel the Portuguese to become voluntary exiles from their native country, remains to be seen; but we should not be surprised to see the Court take refuge in their trans-atlantic possessions; and, indeed, in the present state of insecurity in which Portugal is placed, we do not perceive how that Court could take a more prudent or rational step.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

We have nothing very remarkable to notice in our review of domestic politics for the last month. A report has been in circulation, that the Duke of Portland, was about to retire from office, and that he was to be succeeded by the

Marquis of Wellesley; but we do not think the report rests on any good foundation. If we do not greatly mistake the character of his Grace, he is too fond of the emoluments of office to think of resigning his place. We suspect him to be one of those courtiers, as Mr. Burke says, who "would stick by the king's "loaf as long as a single cut of it remained; "who would fasten to the hard crust, and gnaw "it while two crumbs of it held together." What advantage the country could derive from the introduction of Marquis Wellesley into the cabinet, we are at a loss to conceive. We have never been taught to consider the plains of Hindustan as the best theatre for the study of European politics, and what we remember of the noble Marquis's parliamentary career, previous to his voyage to India, has not left any very favourable impression on our mind. In point of talents, he appeared at that time inferior either to Lord Hawkesbury, or Mr. Canning. He had all the presumption and confidence of the former without his information, and all the levity of the latter, without his wit. But the air of Bengal may have improved his parts; and there are not wanting those, we fear, who think that at the present exigent moment a touch of oriental despotism might be introduced, without injury, into our system of government. It remains for us to notice another report that has also been in circulation for some days past, namely, that a negociation has been opened with the government of France, and that the Earl of Malmesbury, according to some accounts, and his son, Viscount Fitzharris, according to others, have been directed to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Paris, on a pacific mission. That some discussions may be going on with the French government, we think by no means improbable, but that they should be in so advanced a state as to justify the sending a British ambassador to Paris, appears extremely doubtful. Neither do we think it at all probable that Lord Malmesbury would be the man selected for such a mission. His two unsuccessful journeys to France in the year 1796, and his discussions with Charles de la Croix, are still fresh in the recollection of the public, and furnish unanswerable arguments against his appointment. We must, however, repeat our belief that the negociation between this country and France, if negociation there be, is not yet in a state of sufficient forwardness to require the presence of a British minister at Paris. On the probability of peace, we dare scarcely hazard a conjecture. Whether in the present state of the Continent of Europe we can look for a secure peace, is a question of very difficult speculation; but unless we could have a secure peace, much as the calamities of war are to be deplored, a state of open hostility is to be preferred to a hollow and insidious truce, such as was the peace of Amiens.

BIRTHS.

On Wednesday, September 3, at the house of Lord Viscount Deerhurst, in Devonshire-place, the Hon. Mrs. Cotton, of a son.

On Monday, Sept. 7, at Sudbrook Park, Petersham, Lady Mary Stopford, of a daughter.

At his house in Baker-street, Portman-square, the Lady of the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Plunkett, of the Coldstream Guards, of a daughter.

riday morning, Sept. 18, Mrs. Whitefoord wife of Caleb Whitefoord, Esq. Great Argyle-street, of twins—a boy and a girl.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 20, Elizabeth Jordan, a servant in the house of a respectable family, near the Foundling Hospital, delivered herself of two female children; but what renders this fact more extraordinary is, that she first delivered herself of one infant, and then made three attempts to go up stairs, and call her mistress; but on the third attempt finding herself incapable, she returned to the kitchen, where she delivered herself of the second; and after having carefully dressed the infants, and laid them in a warm position before the fire, she began her usual employment about the kitchen; after which she went up stairs three different times before she awoke her mistress; who, on making herself acquainted with the girl's situation, humanely put her to bed: but what is equally extraordinary her mistress did not know of her pregnancy. The children are perfectly well, and are placed under the care of the master of St. Pancras poor house.

On Friday, Sept. 25, of a still-born child, at the house of the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Galloway, in Charles-street, St. James's-square, the Lady of the Honourable E. Stewart.

MARRIAGES.

Captain Barnett, Assistant Quarter-Master-General, at Canterbury, to Miss Monins, eldest daughter of the late John Monins, Esq. of the Archbishop's Palace.

John Hamilton Roche, Esq. late Captain in the Northumberland Fencible Infantry, to Miss S. A. Strutt, daughter of Wm. Strutt, Esq. of Sudbury.

On Thursday, Sept. 10, Robert Martin Smith, Esq. of Bromley, in Kent, to Miss Thomas, eldest daughter of James Thomas, Esq. of Greenwich.

A couple was married at St. Nicholas's Church, whose united ages amounted to 164 years: the bridegroom being 84, and the bride 80 years old. They were accompanied by a large concourse of their friends, who seemed to share in the happiness of the new-made pair.

DIED.

At his seat at Rainham, Norfolk, George Townshend, Baron Townshend, Marquis Townshend, of Rainham, Viscount Townshend, Baron Townshend, of Lynn, and a Baronet; Lord Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of Norfolk, a Field-Marshal, Colonel of the 2d regiment of Dragoon Guards, and Governor of Jersey; closing in his 84th year, a long life, laudably devoted and honourably employed in the service of his country. His Lordship was a godson of his Majesty George I. and served under George II. in the battle of Dettingen; he served also in the battles of Fontenoy, Culloden, and Laeldt; also at the memorable siege of Quebec, which town fell into his hands, as Commander in Chief, after the deplored death of the immortal Wolfe; his Lordship was also at the battle of Fellinhausen, and served a campaign in Portugal, under the renowned Count La Lippe; his Lordship filled the station of Viceroy of Ireland for five years, during which, he peculiarly conciliated the affections of the people. By his first wife, Charlotte, Baroness de Ferrers, only daughter of the Earl of Northampton, he has left the Earl of Leicester, now Marquis of Townshend, Lord John Townshend, and Lady Elizabeth Loftus. The Marchioness died during the Marquis's Viceroyalty in Ireland. His second marriage was with Miss Anna Montgomery, the youngest daughter of the late Sir William Montgomery, Baronet; by his first marriage, and by his Lady, the Marquis has left six children, namely, Lady Ann Hudson, the Duchess of Leeds, two unmarried daughters, and two sons.

At Bath, on Saturday, Sept. 3, George Augustus Lumley Saunderson, Earl of Scarborough. His Lordship was in his 54th year, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his next brother, Richard Lumley, who took the name of Saville, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and who is married to Viscount Middleton's sister. Richard, the fourth Earl, and father of the late, was Deputy Earl Marshal of England, and married Barbara, sister of the late Sir George Savile, Bart. who left his fortune to his sister's second son; and should he become Earl of Scarborough, then the same to descend to the third son; and so on, in order that the two estates should not unite with the title in one and the same person. The Savile estate, which is considerably larger than the Scarborough, has, of course, under the will, been hitherto enjoyed by the second son, the Hon. R. Lumley Savile, now Earl of Scarborough, who, on coming to this title, must resign the larger estates, which he has hitherto possessed, and take the inferior one with the Earldom. The Hon. and Rev. John, Rector of Wintringham, who has several children, will now enjoy the Savile fortune.

In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, the Rt. Hon. Henry Scott, Earl of Deloirane, Viscount Hermitage, and Baron Scott; his Lordship was a lineal descendant from Charles II. being a great grandson of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth and Anne Duchess of Buccleugh: his Lordship was extremely conspicuous in the *beau monde* in the early part of his life, and having nearly dissipated a fine estate, he in middle age secured from the wreck of his fortune an annuity of about 1000*l.* a year, on which he afterwards lived very prudently; he was unmarried, and the title is now extinct.

At his lodgings at Portsea, Sir Robert Chalmers, Bart. Commander of the Alexander Lazaretto, at the Motherbank.

September 16, at Chichester, Mrs. Lane, wife of William Lane, Esq. of the Minerva Office, Leadenhall-street. This lady, who to an excellent education added a well-informed and polished mind, has been for several years a promoter of literature. In manners she ingratiated herself with a circle of numerous acquaintance: among her friends her social disposition and hospitality were proverbial: her family and servants loved her with a sincere affection; and she has left a disconsolate husband to mourn his irreparable loss.

On Saturday, the 26th September, Samuel Greig, Esq. Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, Commissioner for the Navy of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and Officiating Russian Consul General in Great Britain, aged 29 years.

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1807.

Fig. No 3.—*An elegant Livonia Dress*, made of purple bloom soft satin, sprigged with small clusters of gold dots; the dress to fall a little below the knees, with a rich gold bullion trimming in the form of Vandyke; the back part gored off to the shape, with a cottage-front, confined with gold buttons down the skirt; sleeves short and low on the shoulders, with a narrow trimming to accompany the bottom of the dress; worn round the arm in the form of a cork-screw, to give it the appearance of genteel confinement; a white lace train petticoat is worn under this dress, with a rich border of Vandyke worked with a light gold thread to correspond. Head-dress quite plain, entirely of hair, combed strait over the head, from the front of the forehead, plaited in a thick cable plait, brought up to the crown of the head, turned under and fastened with a brilliant comb. The hair *a-la-Madona* on each side of the forehead, with a long cork-skrew curl on the right side of the face: a rich half-wreath of green enamelled stone, intermixed with small gold flowers, ornaments the right side of the head. Ear-rings of thick gold; gloves of white lace; shoes of purple satin; and fan, ivory and silver.

Fig. No. 4.—*The Rutland Half Robe*, composed of a beautiful fine Indian muslin, in three different lengths, the first is made apparently loose, caught up in the center of the waist, and continues to fall in loose draperies down the front, and fastened at the end with a rich gold tassel; the second and third lengths are combined into one, and are finished into an immense length, which descends from the waist, ornamented round the bottom, and draperies with a rich border of point lace, stamped with small white satin flowers; the back and front of the dress are made low and square, and drawn down at each corner of the bosom; sleeves are quite short, so as only to cover the top of the shoulder; made very full at the back part of the shoulder, and tight across the front, with a thick rope of lace and satin intermixed, which is continued round the arm, and continued across the front of the arm to the top of the shoulder. A superb head-dress of hair. The hair is long behind, combed straight up, and fastened in different forms round the head, with small Egyptian combs of gold. The hair is brought straight from a small clustre of hair on the front of the forehead, round the left side of the head, with a small ringlet of hair down the side of the face. A bird of Paradise of gold set in a half-moon, fastened in the thick part of the hair on the left side, drooping over the face. A brilliant necklace of rich gold, from whence descends an Egyptian Amulet; gloves straw coloured, and shoes white satin.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES' DRESSES DURING AUTUMN.

The absence of the Fashionable World from London precludes the possibility of a detail on the *minutia* of Ladies' Dresses. The only dresses of novelty that have been introduced since our last, consist of the Rutland Half Robe, and which in point of splendour and magnificence surpasses every dress of its kind. An *élégante* of the first rank and fashion, whose taste in dress is unrivalled by her fair competitors, and whose graceful form displayed an assemblage of charms, when arrayed in the Livonia Dress. A white lace train petticoat, enriched with a light gold border, never appeared to greater advantage than when worn with the above attractive costume. A fashionable *belle* has *commanded* a novel dress to be made of India muslin and lace, in loose draperies and long train, which is to be enriched with an elegant and tasteful border of white satin flowers. The rope sleeve and cottage front, with square backs, are now much in estimation. The Livonia Straw Hats and Bonnets, in the Gypsey form, trimmed with a bunch of cottage flowers, and occasionally worn tied down with a crimson silk handkerchief shot with white, is truly elegant *. Very little variations have been observed in the walking *habilliments*. Straw coloured kid gloves; pea green shoes and half boots of jean, satin and kid.

Parisian Fashions.—The shawls usually worn in the hand, or upon the arm, are now extended to the shoulders. The striped shawls called *zephyrs*, are also fashionable. A few small coloured *fichus*, particularly dark blue, with spots have re-appeared. Grey taffeta for robes, is very common; and no head, *à la Titus*, remains uncovered: In *lenons*, amaranthus ground is again in favour, but the spots are very small. Green is a colour in demand. *Capotes* of plain green taffeta are much worn;

* The Livonia Straw Hats and Bonnets are to be had only at Millard's Warehouses, at the corner of Southampton-street, Strand.

embellished with small green *comete* cut bias, sometimes accompanied with a twist. The new hats are of white straw, trimmed with white ribbons for full dress, coloured ribbons for half-dress, and Scotch ribbons for undress. Many ladies, in full dress, wear a veil thrown back over the forehead, and falling equally on each side. Beneath, the hair thrown back, ends in a natural tuft, and is closely plaited, and adorned with flowers. In their chambers, the ladies, during the late hot weather, resumed those wrappers, which, four or five years ago, were called *gaules*. Some of them do not come down lower than the knee: from the top of the collar, which is trimmed with lace, comes a scarf, which is crossed and knotted before. Nothing is more common than soft and round white feathers. None others were lately to be seen at Frascati. Feathers also prevailed, at the same time at Ranelagh. A great many of them were bunched, and black, with orange of flame coloured points. A great coat, bronze waistcoat, Nankin *culottes*, cotton stockings, white taffeta robes are also much in favour, and blue gaiters, is a fashionable dress for Gentlemen in the country.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—*Morning Dress.*—Drab coloured cloth coat, single breasted, with pantaloons to match; and for the sake of avoiding the weight or incumbrance of boots, are made with gaiter bottoms entire, and which, with the addition of a striped waistcoat, has most undoubtedly a very genteel appearance.

Fig. No. 2.—A single breasted coat of a darkish green or green mixtures, with a collar of the same cloth, and plated buttons; light coloured striped waistcoat, single breasted, and light drab colour or leather breeches, with brown top boots.

Evening Dress for *Gentlemen* is still comprized of dark forest greens and blues; and are wore with or without a velvet collar; breeches and waistcoat according to the taste of the wearer.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON POINTERS.

A VARIETY of species of dogs, and even some other animals, are capable of receiving instruction, and of being trained to assist sportsmen in finding partridges, pheasants, &c. either for the gun or the net; but the species of dogs which all thorough bred sportsmen prefer are the smooth pointer, the spaniel, and the rough pointer. The last, is a dog with long curled hair, and seems to be a mixed breed of the water dog and the spaniel. The smooth pointer is active and lively enough in his range, but in general is proper only for an open country, for most of these dogs are afraid of water, brambles, and thickets; but the spaniel and the rough pointer are easily taught to take the water, even in cold weather, and to range the woods and rough places, as well as the plain. Greater dependence may therefore be placed on these two last species of dogs, than on the smooth pointer. But as the value of every kind of dog will, in a great degree, depend upon the perfection of his training, it may not be improper here to throw out a few general hints for the instruction of sportsmen on that subject. A dog ought to begin to be instructed when he is about five or six months old. The first lesson taught him should be to fetch and carry, which may easily be done, without going out of the house, by means familiar to every one. With patience and gentle treatment, if the dog is of a good breed, and disposition, he will acquire the habit very easily; but at this period gentle usage is necessary. After the dog has learned to fetch and carry, it will be proper then to give him the first principles of obedience, which may be accomplished by walking with him a little distance from the house, and there learning him to come in, when he runs too far off; and to go behind when he returns; using in the first case the words, *here, come in*, and in the latter, *back*, or *behind*. It is also of importance, that the person who intends to train him, should alone speak to and command him, and that none other should interfere with his education, or give him food.

When the dog has attained the age of ten or twelve months, it will then be proper time to carry him to the field for the purpose of regular training. The first step is to make him know his game. He will, at this time, run after every thing that he sees, as crows, pigeons, &c. But this is corrected, and when his eagerness is somewhat abated, he will end with only pursuing partridges, pheasants, and hares.

All young dogs are subject to *rake*, that is, to hunt with their noses close to the ground, a habit which they ought speedily to be broken of; for a dog that rakes with his nose, and follows the game by the track, will never make a good pointer, nor find half so much game as one that hunts with his nose high. Whenever, therefore, a young dog is perceived following the track of partridges down wind, call to him with an angry tone, *hold up*: he will then grow uneasy and agitated, going first on one side, and then on the other, until the wind brings him the scent of the birds; and after finding the game four or five times in this way, he will take the wind of himself, and hunt with his nose high.

As soon as the young dog knows his game, he must be brought under complete subjection and command. If he is naturally tractable, and has profited from the instructions given him, before his being taken into the field, it will be easily accomplished; but if he is stubborn and unruly, it will be necessary to make use of the *thresh cord*.

There are many dogs that will point the first day they are taken out, and there are others that will both point and back the first time by natural instinct: but to make the dog staunch, it is in most cases, advisable to endeavour to kill a few birds on the ground before him, and not to shoot flying, until he is well trained and steady. This, however, can only be done when the dog is broke in during the shooting season.

The spring is the best time for training dogs, because the birds being then paired, lay better, and being sprung more seldom, and in fewer number, the dog is not so subject to be eager, and is kept under command with greater ease. But as this season scarcely allows time to make the dog perfect and staunch, his lessons must be resumed in the month of September, or the latter end of August, which will soon complete him. When a dog is once taught to point at partridges, he will stand at every sort of winged game, and even at hares; but it must be remarked, that it is very difficult to prevent dogs from running after hares, though this may be effected by good management.

Young dogs, for the most part, love to run after poultry, and some after sheep, which are faults that require correction. As to the poultry, if chastisement will not have the desired effect, the best method is to take a small stick, cleft at one end sufficiently wide to admit the tale of the dog, which being introduced, then tie the cleft end with a piece of twine tight enough to make him feel pain: at the other end of the stick tie a fowl by the wing, and, after a little time let the dog loose, giving him a few smart strokes with a whip. The dog will then run as fast as he can, by reason of the pain in his tail, which he imagines is caused by the fowl. By dint of dragging the fowl, he will kill it, and spent with running, he will stop and hide himself in some hole: then take off the stick, and beat him about the head and mouth with the dead fowl. If a dog runs after sheep, and he cannot be broke of the custom, couple him with a ram, and in letting them loose, whip the dog as long as he can be followed. His cries will at first alarm the ram, who will run with all his speed and drag the dog along with him; but he will soon take courage, and will end with butting the dog most severely. When the dog has received sufficient chastisement, uncouple him, and he will never run at sheep again. The sportsman has only to conduct himself with patience and moderation, and observe the rules here laid down.

Partridges.—The oldest sportsman of the day never witnessed such an abundance of birds of this description as the present season has produced. The only general way in which this can be accounted for is from the extreme dryness of the season, which is always considered propitious to the feathered tribe; partridges in particular, having coupled early, and consequently brooded, and got wing, in many instances, in grass before it became fit for the scythe. Those which were hatched in barley, have also been secure. The success of the sportsman, nevertheless, was unequal to the former season, nor were there so many birds killed. The dogs, from the dryness of the season, were unable to scent game, and consequently they *run over* the birds, and most of the shots got at were such as were trod up. The covies made to cover for shelter, and consequently shooting became more difficult; for a sportsman, on a fair calculation, would get double the number of shots in turnips and pastures than from thick hedges. The rains at the latter end of the month has been propitious to the sportsman; his dogs can find the game, and they can also *hunt* a good deal more ground. Hares and pheasants are also in great abundance.

A shooting match at partridges was made a short time since, between Major Howard, who belongs to a regiment of dragoons, and a keeper, of the name of Pearson, at Stowe, Bucks, for 180 guineas, who should kill the most birds in twenty shots. The keeper was backed by his master, W. Watson, Esq. and the match was

decided in three days, in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield, Marlow, and Stoke. The Major, on the first day, had nine shots, out of which he killed five brace and a half of birds; on the second day he killed three brace and a half out of eight shots, having made one miss; and on the next morning he killed a leish of birds in the other three shots, making altogether ten brace and a half. The keeper, who accompanied his competitor, had only four shots on the day, and he killed a leish of birds; on the second day he trod up a covey in some turnips, and he brought a leish of them to bag; he had to kill four birds in four shots, and after killing twice he brought down a brace and killed his bird, which decided the match in his favour by one bird.

The sports of the turf, which usually attracted a numerous assemblage of company at Chesterfield, have this year experienced so complete a falling off, that no race took place for either of the plates, for want of horses. This occasioned no inconsiderable degree of disappointment to the inhabitants of that place, as well as to those who have been in the habit of resorting thither.

The amusements at Newmarket this autumnal season will be hailed with avidity by the admirers of gymnastic talent. The unprecedented match between Capt. Barclay and Wood will take place between the first and second meeting. A boxing exhibition will also take place between the celebrated *Gulley* who is about to receive forfeit from the champion of England; the *Game Chicken* will contend with *Gregson* the untried Lancashireman for 200*l*.

Extraordinary Speed.—A match was made against time, some time since, by Mr. Wedderburn Webster, which excited a good deal of speculation, and the result of which has struck the *cognoscenti* with astonishment. Mr. Webster undertook, for a wager of 600 guineas, to ride a favourite horse, his property, from Ipswich to London, a distance of 70 miles, in the short space of five hours. The judges of the power of horses considered the wager as a certain loss, and consequently odds ran high against the performance. Saturday, Sept. 12, at an early hour, Mr. Webster commenced his journey from Ipswich, and the sporting circles lined the road from the metropolis, anxiety never having been more strongly excited. The animal ran the first twenty miles in *one hour* and *ten minutes*, when the rider halted for a few minutes, and gave the horse a portion of wine and water. The animal had to perform fourteen miles in an hour at starting, and it kept on at a running rate the whole of the distance. Whitechapel church was the extent of the journey, at which place the horse and its rider arrived in four hours and fifty minutes, having performed the journey in ten minutes less than the given time. Mr. Webster rides about 9st. and he won 400 guineas, by walking the 70 miles in twenty-four hours, a month since.

The wonderful equestrian performance of Mr. Webster has excited a good deal of rivalship in the sporting world. No less than three matches against time, of a nature similar to that performed by Mr. Webster's horse Buzzard, have been made. A Mr. Hall has undertaken to ride a gelding from Hounslow to Newbury and back to Reading, a distance of 73 miles, in five hours and a quarter, within a fortnight. Mr. Wells, a Gentleman known on the turf, has made a bet of one hundred guineas that he will ride a horse from Whitechapel to the 36th mile-stone on the Ipswich road, in two hours and twenty minutes. A match of this kind was performed on Wednesday, by a mare, the property of a farmer at Heston, which was bought for 4*l*. a short time since. His mare performed 26 miles in one hour and 40 minutes, from Hounslow to Two-mile-brook, near Maidenhead, and back to Hounslow-heath, for a wager of 80 guineas. The odds are 2 and 3 to 1 against Mr. Hall, and 7 to 4 against Mr. Wells.

The gentleman who has undertaken to climb to the top of Bow Church, has for some weeks past been making experiments, mounting and descending high buildings, and country church steeples, with considerable agility; and his friends entertain but little doubt of his success. By a species of parachute affixed on his shoulders, he descends any eminence, the perpendicular height of which exceeds ten feet, in perfect safety; and on this machine he rests his security, in case he falls.

An expert swimmer lately undertook for a wager of 20*l*. to float through Blackfriars-bridge, and remain on the water without motion, during twenty minutes, which he accomplished, surrounded by boats.

A foot race, for forty guineas, was lately run upon the Holderness road, near Summergangs, between two men of the names of Robinson and Kenningham; the former a carrier between Swine and Hull, the latter a cartman. The distance, which was one mile, was run by Robinson, in less than five minutes, beating his antagonist near ten yards. It is said, that upwards of 1000*l*. was depending upon the race.

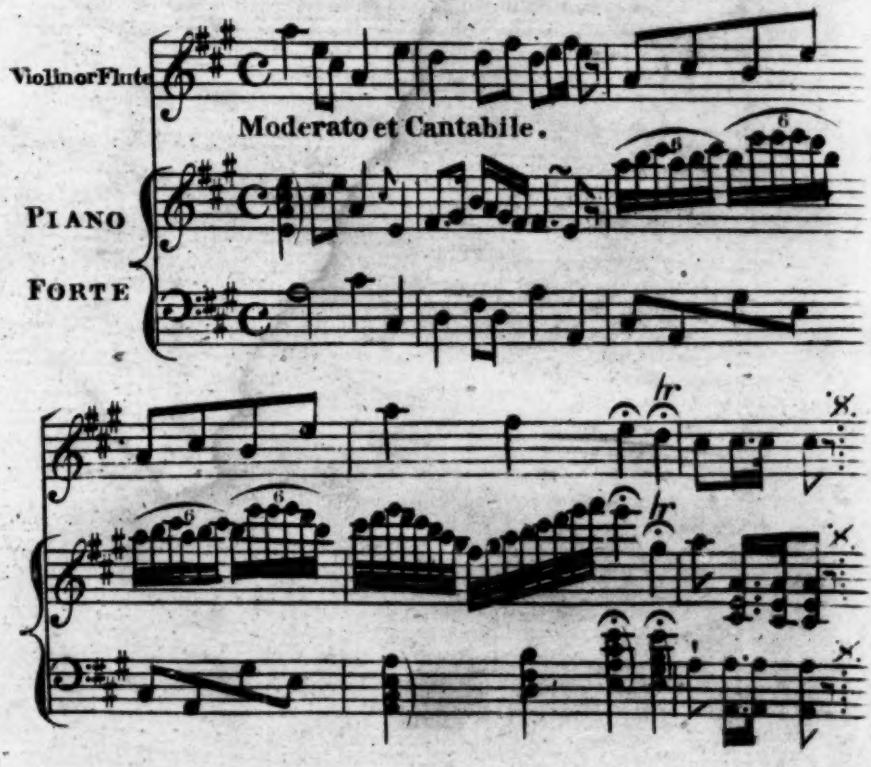
THE WREATH OF VICTORY,

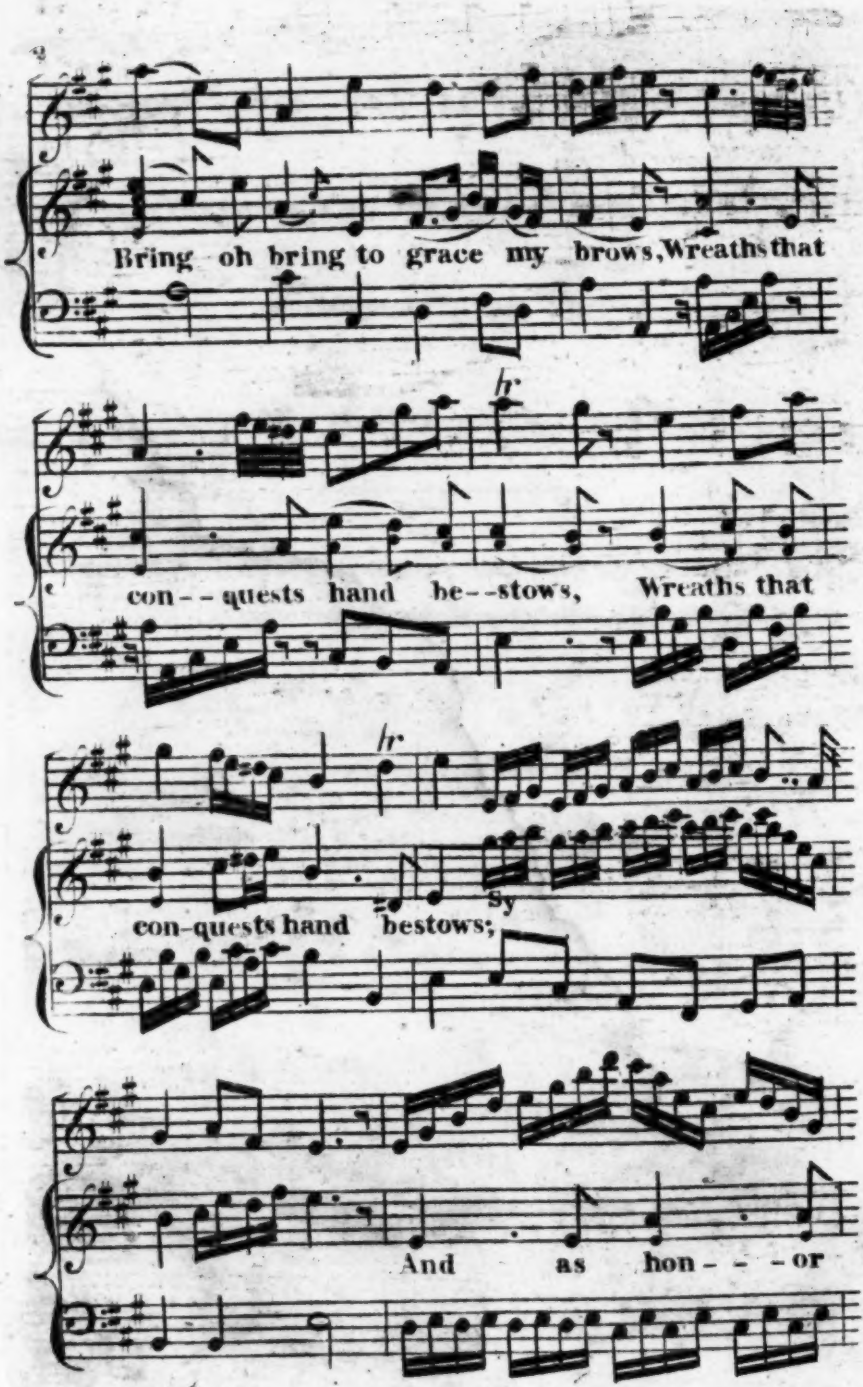
THE WORDS BY A LADY OF DISTINCTION

— The Music Composed by —

Thos. CLARK Esqr.

Composed expressly and exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary & Fashionable Magazine for October 1807.




Bring oh bring to grace my brows, Wreaths that
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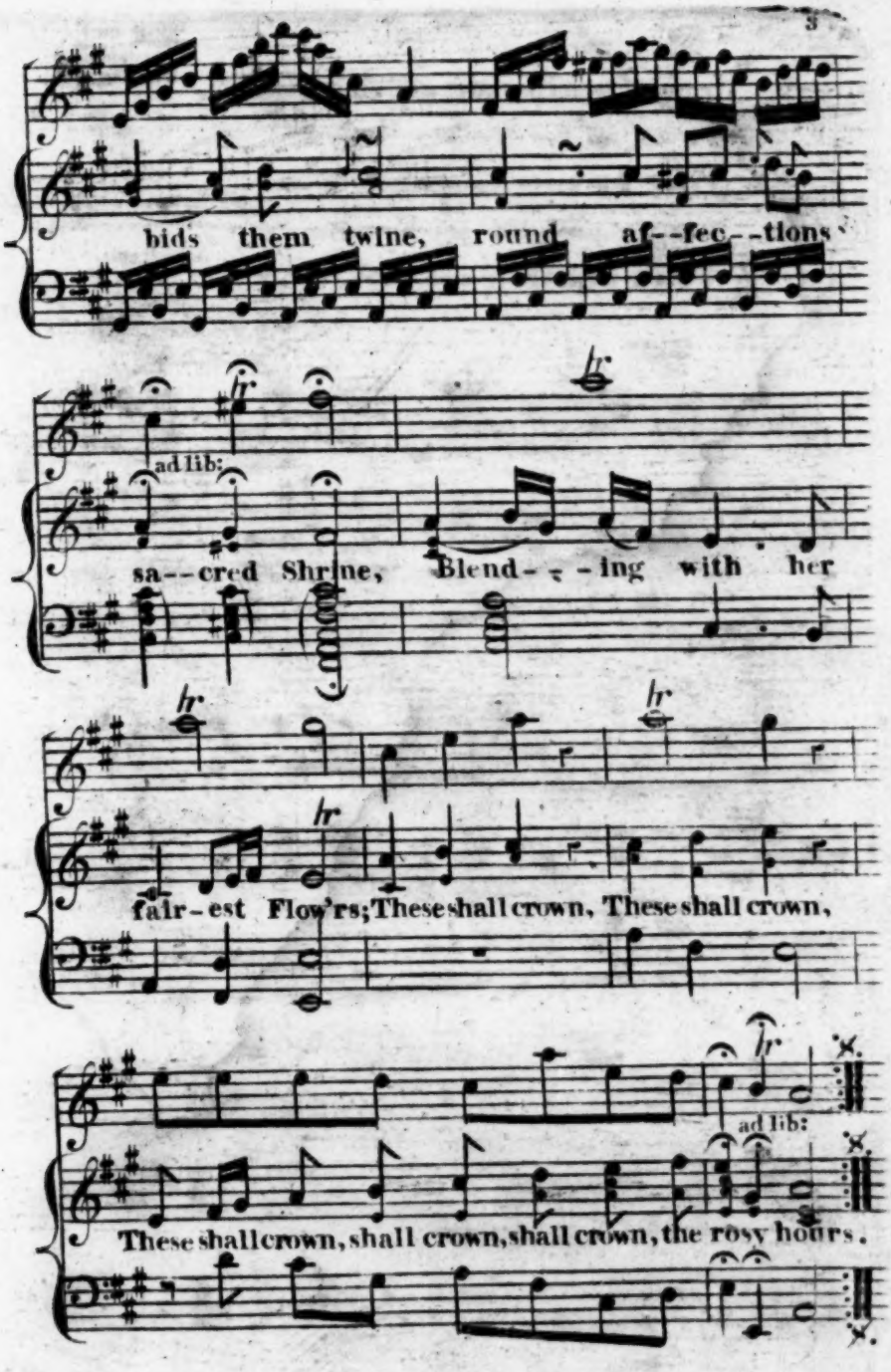
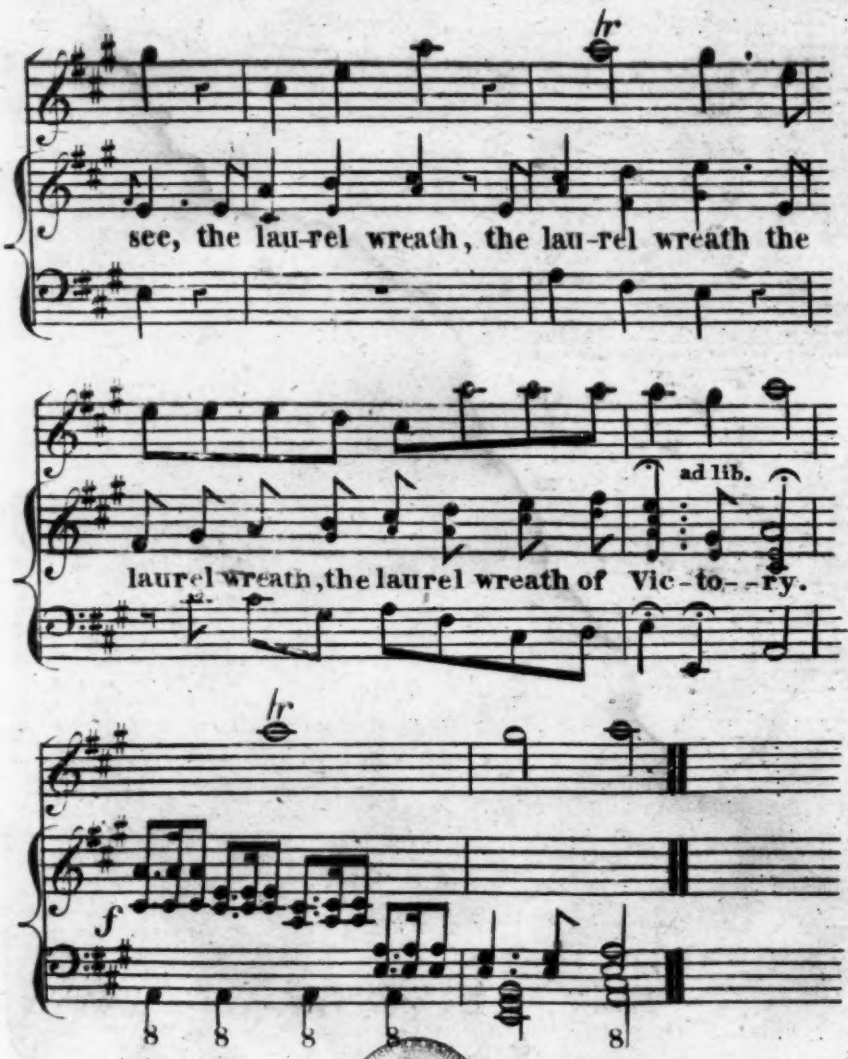

bids them twine, round af--fec--tions
ad lib:
sa--cred Shrine, Blend--ing with her
fair-est Flow'rs; These shall crown, These shall crown,
ad lib:
These shall crown, shall crown, shall crown, the rosy hours.

TASTE her Garland gay may give,
FANCY all her flowrets weave,
LOVE his rosy bands may twine,
But the prouder joy be mine,
Woven with their sweets to



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ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR OCTOBER 1807, AND TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY.

UNDER THIS HEAD ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INTRODUCED, WHICH WILL BE INSERTED AT ANY LENGTH, IF SENT ON OR BEFORE THE 28TH OF EVERY MONTH.

PROSPECTUSSES, &c. &c.

of LITERARY WORKS *will for the future be stitched up with this Magazine, provided they are neatly printed, and sent to the Office on or before the 20th of every Month.*

The Price will be for every 8 lines SIX SHILLINGS *and for every 3 lines afterwards* ONE SHILLING.

BLACKHEATH, A POEM;

IN FIVE CANTOS:

TRANSLATION OF THE ARGONAUTICA,

&c. &c.

MR. THOMAS NOBLE, of Blackheath, respectfully informs his Subscribers and the Public in general that his Volume of Poems, of which the intended publication has been so long announced will be ready for delivery on Monday the 18th of January, 1808. Among the exalted Patrons of his Work are the names of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, the Rt. Hon. Lady Dacre, the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Windsor, &c. &c.

Subscribers names continue to be received by the Publishers, Messrs. Richardsons, Cornhill; Mr. Cole, Circulating Library, Greenwich; and by Messrs. J. B. Bell and Decamp, No. 11, Catherine-street, Strand, where Prospectusses of the Work and Specimens of the Decorations may be seen.

Blacheath, Sept. 30, 1807.

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Most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to augment his Circulating Library, by the daily addition of valuable and expensive Books in every class of Literature.

Subscribers to his Library may be assured of being liberally supplied with the best MODERN PUBLICATIONS, conducive to Information, Amusement, and useful Instruction.

Grateful to a discerning Public, for the Patronage he has hitherto experienced, J. CREIGHTON will persevere in the utmost exertions to merit a continuance of their favours.

Catalogues and Cards of the Terms may be had on Application at the Library; where attendance is given from eight in the morning till eight in the evening.

IRISH LINENS.

THE PUBLIC supplied as usual with SINGLE PIECES of IRISH LINEN, at the Trade Prices, at the IRISH LINEN COMPANY'S, No. 4, Bloomsbury-square, near Southampton-street, leading to Holborn, which is the only House they have in this Country.—Each Piece warranted as to Fabric and to be Bleached on the Grass, and the Money returned if a fault appears.

No Article sold but Irish Linen, and not less than a Piece of 25 Yards.

Orders executed with punctuality.—Cash as usual for Bank of Ireland Notes.

J. O'BRIEN, Agent to the Company.

NEW MUSIC FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

COMPOSED BY J. WOELFL.

Bouquet de Flore, consisting of the three following Numbers.—No. 1. German Air, with nine Variations, 3s.—No. 2. A favorite Polonaise, arranged as a Rondo, 3s.—No. 3. Augustin, a favorite Waltz, arranged as a expriccio, 3s.—Three Trios, with an Accompaniment for a Violin and Bass, 5s. each; to be had of the Author, No. 45, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, and at all principal Music Shops.

TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Ladies' Riding Habits,

AND FASHIONABLE DRESS FOR GENTLEMEN.

DIETRICHSEN, LADIES HABIT MAKER, At his *Old established Warehouse*, No. 12, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, London, begs leave to return his sincere acknowledgements to the Nobility and Gentry for their *repeated favours* during a series of years, and particularly for the very NUMEROUS ADDITIONAL CUSTOMERS, *and increased number of Orders, for*

LADIES' RIDING DRESSES,

with which he has been favoured *during the last season in particular*, to merit a continuance of which, *the utmost attention* to FASHION AND FITTING *will always be observed.*

F. D. requests permission to add, that in the Spring of last year he commenced also executing orders for GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES, in Partnership with S. CLARK, TAILOR, *late foreman to Mr. Allen.*

DIETRICHSEN and CLARK, TAILORS, having had the happiness to experience *unprecedented success and patronage* from

Men of Fashion,

since their commencement, they beg leave to solicit the further orders of the Nobility and Gentry in TOWN and COUNTRY, to whose commands (addressed as above) *the strictest attention* will be paid, and where a large stock of *fashionable* Cloths, Kerseymeres, &c. &c. is always kept for inspection.

LEATHER BREECHES.

*** Regimentals, and young Gentlemen's Dresses elegantly made, Liveries, &c.

BANKERS, MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, *and Country Residents in general, may have an order executed as above, at a very short notice after their* arrival in LONDON, *or may be informed by Letter how to send up their Measure.*

TO THE NOBILITY AND LADIES OF FASHION.

MRS. LLOYD GIBBON most respectfully recommends her celebrated STAYS by his Majesty's Royal Patent, which are properly calculated for Court or Full Dress. Mrs. L. G. suits every Lady herself, and may be seen from eleven to five o'clock, at her house, No. 7, Sackville-street, Piccadilly.

FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.

The ESSENCE of PEARL and PEARL DENTIFRICE, invented by the late *Jacob Hemet*, Dentist, to Her MAJESTY and the PRINCE of WALES, are greatly superior both in elegance and efficacy to any thing hitherto made use of; they will effectually preserve the Teeth in a sound state even to old age; will render them white and beautiful without the least impairing the Enamel, fasten such as are loose, keep such as are already decayed from becoming worse, prevent the Tooth-ach, perfectly cure the Scurvy in the Gums, and make them grow firm and close to the Teeth. They likewise render the breath delicately sweet, and remedy all those Disorders that are the Consequence of Scorbutic Gums and bad Teeth.

In order to prevent the Impositions daily practised by persons counterfeiting the above mentioned long-established Medicines, the following words are (by permission) *engraved in the stamp* "J. HEMET, BAYLEY & BLEW, COCKSPUR STREET," and none are genuine but what have those words *engraved* in the stamp, and also a label with the words "BAYLEY and BLEW, *Cockspur-street*, *London*," pasted on the back of each bottle and box.

The Essence of Dentifrice are sold wholesale and retail by BAYLEY & BLEW, 5, *Cockspur Street*, Price 2*s*. 9*d*. each, stamps included, and retail by T. SCARMAN (late Partner and Successor to Mr. Hemet,) George Street, Hanover Square, London.

N.B. The ESSENCE is particularly recommended to Parents and persons who have the care of Children, as the greatest preservative of young and tender Teeth.

ESSENTIAL SALT OF LEMONS,

For taking Iron Moulds, Ink Spots, Red Wine, and other Stains, out of Linen, Muslin, Lace, &c. and for many other Uses, as a Substitute for Lemons. Price One Shilling the box.

HAVING received numerous complaints that Compositions sold under the title of *Salt of Lemons*, are not only ineffectual, but that they burn and destroy the Linen, I think it necessary to inform the Public, that *my true Essential Salt of Lemons* is only to be had, wholesale and retail, at my shop in *Cockspur Street*, and that none is to be depended upon *as mine* but what has my signature on the bottom of each box, and on the outside of the wrapper.

W. BAYLEY.

N. B. The Salt of Lemons is particularly useful to Ladies in washing their hands, as it instantly takes out the stains of fruit, coloured gloves, &c. and is much more agreeable to use than lemon itself.

At the same place may be had, BAYLEY'S SCOWERING DROPS, for taking Grease out of Silk, Stuff, Woollen Colth, &c.

PATENT SWEDISH LIQUID BLACKING.

THE number of advocates for fame, in this sort of Composition, have lately very much increased, and all vieing with each other for superiority of merit, (as to its qualities for shining) but without any one endeavouring to discover what may be of real utility, as well as ornament,

TRY THIS AND DECIDE!

The Proprietors of this article can announce to the Public, that it is not only the most excellent Blacking ever seen (for jet black lustre) but they assert, that it possesses the rare quality of preventing dampness, and even rain from affecting its pristine gloss; without the use of the oil of vitriol, which every other Blacking is made with, and is so prejudicial to the leather; and farther, that no dust will adhere to the boot or shoe, which may not be wiped off with a handkerchief, and the polish will thus continue for three or four days without additional blacking.

But the Proprietors have discovered one *grand* property, which this, of all other Blacking, possesses, and must recommend itself to the world in general, particularly to Officers, both in the Navy and Army, and others travelling to the East and West Indies, as well as to those who export Boots and Shoes, to have them done with it before the voyage, because it will positively prevent that *destructive insect*, *the Cock Roach*, from touching the leather; it being a well-known fact, from their devastation, that often out of a whole package hardly a single pair can be found wearable!

This invaluable Blacking may be had wholesale, retail, and for exportation, at the Warehouse, No. 2, Webber-street, Westminster Road; where all orders (post paid) will be taken in, and punctually executed. Sold in Bottles of One Shilling and Ninepence, and One Shilling each. Payment is expected on delivery. None will be genuine but what is signed on the bottle in writing.

JAMES WEST and Co.

Directions for using it.

Let the dirt be brushed clean off first, shake the bottle, and pour a little into a saucer, then, with a *soft* brush, thinly and equally lay it on, it gives the best polish if brushed before it is too dry, but it must be done with a *hard* brush, quick and lightly.

Appropriate sets of brushes may be had, and also a Composition for boot tops, which will take out all stains, and make the leather look like new.

MINERAL TEETH.

Published by DULAU and Co. Soho-square, the 4th Edition, 8vo. with Plates, in boards, price 5*s*.

DISSERTATION on ARTIFICIAL TEETH. By Mr. DE CHEMANT, Surgeon Dentist, No. 2, Frith-street, Soho, inventor of those admirable substitutes for Artificial Teeth and Gums.

This Treatise evinces the dangerous consequences arising from the use of teeth extracted from dead bodies, or made of animal substance, subject to decay or dissolution, as well as the evils attendant on the transplanting of human teeth; with observations and cases, corroborating the opinions of William Watson, John Hunter, and other eminent surgeons, who have demonstrated the frequent inoculation of diseases by those modes of practice. To which is subjoined, Advice to Mothers and Nurses, on the Prevention and Cure of those Diseases which attend the first Dentition. Also, Remarks on the great superiority of Mr. DE CHEMANT'S INCORRUPTIBLE MINERAL PASTE for ARTIFICIAL TEETH, with or without GUMS, which have not only been honoured with the approbation of the Academy of Science, at Paris, but also by the public sanction of the most eminent medical characters in London, and the concurrent experience of more than twelve thousand persons of rank and respectability, during the last sixteen years. This discovery has obtained Letters Patent, both in England and France.

N. B. Mr. De Chemant conceives it his duty to caution that liberal Public to whom he stands so highly indebted, against those persons who advertise themselves Dentists and Makers of Teeth, under the denomination of Mineral Paste, the composition of which they cannot possibly have the least knowledge of, this art requiring long and extensive practice, founded on the most scientific theory.

PREGNANCY.

Ladies in this situation (under peculiar circumstances) may obtain a confidential Friend, and secure their honour and happiness, by addressing a letter (post paid) to Mrs. Grimston, No. 18, Broad-street, Golden Square, London, when a private interview with the Advertiser will be appointed.

FOR MAKING THE HAIR GROW.

The unexampled success of Stiracia's Italian Oil, has met with for upwards of twenty-five years, in making the Hair grow both thick and long, and preventing its falling off (which it will do in twenty-four hours after illness) continues to be the most fashionable pomade with ladies of high rank, since powder is out of use, by keeping the head and hair perfectly clean; and making the hardest hair as soft as silk, at the same time gives it a most beautiful natural appearance, prevents its turning grey, and even if on the change, will return the hair to its natural colour. Lady Smith, of Scything House, has done the proprietor the high honour in giving him the liberty to say, that Lady Smith has found great benefit from the use of the Oils, both in lengthening and thickening the hair, and in keeping the head and hair so perfectly clean as to render the use of a small tooth-comb unnecessary.

Caution.—Those Ladies who purchase Stiracia's Italian Oils will please to observe that they are always in pots, with the Proprietor's name, Johnson, signed on a Label across the pot.

To be had at the Proprietor's, No. 94, Newman-street, Oxford-street; Golding, No. 42, Cornhill; and at all the principal Perfumers in Town and Country, at 5*s.* a pot, or 2*l.* 14*s.* a dozen.

FALEUR AND DELAFON'S IMPROVED MINERAL TEETH,

18, WOBURN-PLACE.

MR. FALEUR, impressed with the liveliest sense of gratitude for the countenance and support he has already experienced in his profession, feels it his duty to caution the Public, but more particularly those Ladies and Gentlemen who have honoured him with their notice, against the most invidious attacks of a man who, actuated by malice and disappointment, is indefatigable in his efforts to injure him in the Public estimation. The ungenerous calumny has been given in various Publications, but so cautiously worded, that Mr. F. cannot drag him before a Tribunal of Justice.

Mr. Faleur disdains to follow this envious, disappointed individual in the low and scurrilous language he has thought proper to adopt; his aims and wishes are to recommend himself to a generous Public by his efforts to please; and he has so succeeded as to be enabled now to announce, that several of his much respected patrons and friends, who have felt indignant at the ungenerous and undeserved calumny, have voluntarily come forward, and generously desired that they may be referred to as vouchers of his capability in his art.

Mr. F. has also to produce a specimen of this advertising Gentleman's skill, nine Artificial Teeth, which he got from a Gentleman who ranks high in the State, with permission to use his name, and for which he was impudently charged the enormous sum of Sixty Guineas.

Mr. Faleur has only to add, that in consequence of various experiments, he has succeeded in making his Teeth so incorruptible, that he engages to replace them, free of expence, if they are ever known to wear, break, or change colour.

BURRIDGE'S SPECIFIC

FOR THE

RHEUMATIC GOUT AND RHEUMATISM is a remedy which has proved its utility by extensive private practice, and is confidently offered to the Public, and recommended as a certain cure to those afflicted with the above disorders. The Proprietors pledge themselves that in all cases where it has been administered, it has given relief, in most that it has effected a perfect cure, even where every other remedy that has been resorted to has failed, and from the length of time the affliction has continued, and total deprivation of the use of limbs, success has been hopeless; for the truth of which, they beg leave to refer to numerous letters, cases, and testimonials, very respectably vouched, that may be seen at their warehouse. They have the greatest satisfaction in assuring the Public that the composition is perfectly free from any mercurial or other drug that can, in the slightest degree, injure or impair the most delicate constitution. By the process of its operation it increases the appetite, promotes gentle perspiration, removes obstructions in the joints and glands, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and acting as an alterative upon the whole body, renovates the system in all its natural functions.

Sold at eleven shillings per bottle, stamp duty included, by the Proprietors, No. 6, York-Street, Covent Garden, London.

TO MARRIED LADIES IN PARTICULAR.

The most Important Domestic Medicine

EVER DISCOVERED, IS

TURNER'S IMPERIAL LOTION,

For the cure of the following complaints:—Inflamed Breasts of Lying-in Women, Sore or Ulcerated Nipples, Eruptions of every description incident to Children, Opthalmia or Inflammation in the Eyes, St. Anthony's Fire, the Piles, Chilblains, Scalds and Burns, and every description of Inflammation the Human Body is liable to; more particularly as an

EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTIFIER OF THE SKIN,

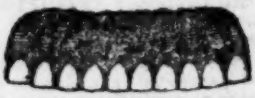
rendering it clean, smooth, soft, and white, removing very expeditiously every sort of pimple, eruption, sun-burn, and defedation whatsoever; it may be used without the least restraint, as the Proprietor assures the Public that it does not contain the smallest particle of mercury, and one bottle will be sufficient to convince any Lady or Gentleman, that it is the most valuable Medicine ever offered to the Public, for the cure of the aforesaid complaints.

To be had, in London only, at Allan's, 76, Oxford-street, opposite the Pantheon; at the Patent Medicine Warehouse, 23, Pall-Mall; Parker's, 14, South-side of Covent Garden, near the Hummums, and Bolton, Royal Exchange. In Bottles, 4*s.* 6*d.* or 6*s.* Duty included.

THE REAL JAPAN BLACKING, MADE BY DAY AND MARTIN.

THIS invaluable Composition, with half the usual labour, produces the most brilliant jet black ever beheld, affords peculiar nourishment to the Leather, will not soil the finest Linen, is perfectly free from any unpleasant smell, and will retain its virtues in any climate.

Sold, wholesale, by Day and Martin, at the Manufactory, No. 97, High Holborn; retail by F. Day, No. 7, Tavistock-street; W. Day, No. 65, Swallow-street; Axtel, No. 1, Finch-lane; and by the principal Bootmakers, Perfumers, and Oilmen, in the Metropolis; and in every town throughout the United Kingdom. Stone Bottles, price 1*s.* 6*d.* each.



PRINCE, DENTIST,

Acquaints the Nobility and the Public, that he has Removed to No. 9, JOHN STREET, OXFORD STREET,

SUPPLIES the Loss of TEETH from a Substance with Enamel, which, through Improvement, he has brought to so exact an Imitation as not to be distinguished from natural Teeth: they do not change Colour, and are skilfully placed, from one to a whole set.

Mr. P. has an easy and safe method for fastening Artificial Teeth, where Persons have only their Teeth left on one side, without the inconvenience of springs. Whole sets, with gold springs, placed on reasonable Terms. Human Teeth skilfully fixed to stumps, or from one tooth to a complete set. Mr. P. through his study and practice, flatters himself he can succeed in the most difficult cases; his assistance having been tendered to persons who have before been incapable of wearing that ornament.—Gives advice, and performs every operation on the Teeth and gums to all periods of life.

IMPROVED IPECACUANHA LOZENGES,
BY KERNOT AND BLAKE, CHEMISTS,
No. 33, St. James's-Street.

A PREPARATION of so excellent a Medicine as IPECACUANHA, possessing all its Virtues, in Doses judiciously and accurately divided, and at the same time rendered agreeable, and even elegant, by the manner of its formation, must appear to every one as a valuable improvement.

The minute proportions in which it is often necessary Ipecacuanha should be administered, render it unmanageable, and are frequently the cause of inaccuracy in its exhibition, its Taste also is nauseous, and that with many, especially Children, forms a powerful obstacle: both these objections against this admirable Drug are entirely obviated in the IMPROVRD IPECACUANHA LOZENGES, and with that conviction are confidently recommended to the Public.

They will be found of the most eminent service in various kinds of Asthma, and in all cases attended with difficulty of Expectoration, Cough, and Shortness of Breath. In these Complaints, one or more may be taken every two or three hours, and repeated in proportion to the relief they afford.

Sold by the Proprietors, at their Warehouse, No. 33, St. James's-Street, London, in boxes of 2*s.*; 4*s.*6*d.*; and 7*s.* each; where also are sold the *Aromatic Ginger Tablets*, for strengthening weak Stomachs, expelling Flatulencies, warming and invigorating cold, phlegmatic, and Nervous Constitutions, in Boxes of the same size and Price.

THE *Nobility* and *Gentry's* Hair Cut with Taste and Elegance, and a strict adherence to Fashion, which can be attested by many thousands in the Metropolis, who have patronized and sanctioned for thirty years the endeavours of Vickery, Proprietor of the Imperial Head Dress Manufactory, No. 6, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, who most respectfully acquaints Ladies and Gentlemen of Fashion and Distinction, that he is very happy to have it in his power to say, that he has engaged for their service (on their return to sojourn in the Metropolis for the Winter Season) several eminet Hair Cutters, &c. and to prevent mistakes, Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to give their servants particular directions to his house, as Vickery's name is placed conspicuously in shops with which he has no concern.

ROSS'S ACHME,

OR, THE PERFECTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

119, BISHOPSGATE-WITHIN.

Established Twenty Years;

DURING which period every article of elegance, beauty, and taste in Hair, has been invented by him, and, by his talents and unremitting attention "to catch the living manners as they rise," every graceful improvement has been happily accomplished. The distinction he is honoured with by the *first* families in this country, and the whole fashionable world, both at home and abroad, incontestably proves *his* superiority, and enables him to import above one thousand pounds weight of Hair every year, which affords employment to more than one hundred men, women, and children in his Manufactory. His patent is for an article of *real* service; which, in a surprising manner, attaches a bandeau, braid, tuft, or any other article of ornament to a Lady's Peruke, or her own Hair, where, in one minute, it forms the most graceful Head-dress, according to the fancy of the wearer, and may be affixed without the assistance of any other person. The excellence and simplicity of the Patent Springs, render them applicable to, and desirable for, all kinds of Hair Ornament. He is the *sole inventor* and *improver* of all the useful gold, silver, and steel Elastic Springs; all others being mere *imitations*, and an imposition on the credulous: and he particularly recommends them, because the Brass Spring (which he has long exploded) oozes out no inconsiderable quantity of verdigrease, of a disgusting appearance, and most poisonous quality. A host of impostors, envious of his reputation and merit, are continually foisting on the public their slight-wove, ill-shaped, ricketty productions; surreptitiously obtaining even this semblance of his invention, by bribing those to betray their trust, who are bound by gratitude to protect his property; and thus by a little variation, they deceive the world, and secure themselves from prosecution. But ROSS'S SUPERIORITY is not confined to these important improvements. His Perukes and Patent Head-dresses, will be found to surpass all others in the union of lightness, strength, elegance, and ease: they are not worked in open bars, like gridirons, which admit the tangent rough points through, to irritate the head, and keep the wearer in perpetual torment; a practice adopted by tricking Valet-de-Chambres and Demi-Quacks, who, never having served a regular time to the art, have acquired all their knowledge from a few lessons by advertisers, and whose only merit is the exorbitant high price of their articles, puffed off with encomiums, and exciting no other attention in the purchaser than *astonishment* at the impudence of the vender, and a *regret* at his own dear-bought experience. Such impostors obtain twenty guineas for that which is not worth one; careless whether they see a customer twice; as the picking up a few of the unwary every week, pays the expence of puffing, and fully answers their expectation and purpose.

TO THE PUBLIC,

AND PARTICULARLY THAT PART OF IT WHO PATRONIZE

The Fine Arts.

This Day (October the 1st) commences the Publication of new and *most beautiful* Editions of the following Works:—

FIELDING'S

TOM JONES.
JOSEPH ANDREWS.
AMELIA.

SMOLLETT'S

PEREGRINE PICKLE.
COUNT FATHOM.
LAUNCELOT GREAVES.
RODERIC RANDOM.
HUMPHREY CLINKER.

GOLDSMITH'S

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

STERNE'S

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.
TRISTRAM SHANDY.

MACKENZIE'S

MAN OF FEELING.
JULIA ROUBIGNE.

MRS. SHERIDAN'S

SIDNEY BIDDULPH.

In laying before a judicious Public new Editions of the above celebrated Novels, the Publishers do not deem it necessary to speak of the *Merits* of works which are read and admired by all Europe: to panegyrize such writings would indeed be like talking of the beauty of Virtue, or descanting on the brightness of the Sun: they have therefore only to make known their *Mode of Publication*, by which it will be seen, that these interesting Works are to appear, FOR THE FIRST TIME, in a Form and Dress every way worthy their distinguished Authors.

MODE OF PUBLICATION.

1. The Works will be published separately, in monthly parts, containing upwards of 100 pages (three of which will form a Volume) the price of each part will be 2s. 6d.
2. The size of the Works will be that of a small octavo: they will be printed on a beautiful wove paper, with a new type, and hotpressed.
3. Each part will be adorned with a Narrative Print, so that each Volume will contain three engravings of the most superb description.
4. The Designs for the Embellishments will proceed from the admired pencils of Devis, Owen, Stothard, Singleton, Sharp, Thomson, Westall, and Uwins.
5. The Engravings will be furnished by Engleheart, Heath, Landseer, Rhodes, Raimbach, Anker Smith, Edward Smith, Scriven, and Warren.

Such is the Mode of Publication, which it is hoped will meet the approbation of the Public. When expensive editions of works of very inferior merit are daily announced, it has been remarked as singular, that our Distinguished Novelists, so fruitful in the most happy subjects for the Artist, have *never yet been appropriately or elegantly illustrated;* but the names of the Gentlemen in each department

ment of Art engaged to furnish the Embellishments for these Works, must at once prove that this object will now be completely attained.

The Publication commences this Day (1st of OCTOBER)
WITH FIELDING'S

TOM JONES.

PART I.

Is embellished with a NARRATIVE PRINT, drawn by WESTALL, and engraved by HEATH, representing the *Discovery of Tom Jones when an Infant, by Allworthy.*

PART II. will appear on the 1st of November, and will be adorned with a Print representing the Heroine of the Work, *Sophia Western,* as described by Fielding, engraved by HEATH, from a Painting by OWEN.

PART III. which completes the first Volume, will be published in December; the Print will represent the *Confusion of the Philosopher Square on being found by Tom Jones in Molly Seagrim's Garret,* engraved by HEATH, from a Painting by DEVIS.

The subsequent Parts will all be embellished on the same scale of excellence. Those who are acquainted with the great expence attending *such* Embellishments, must know that every Print from the hands of the Artists mentioned would justly bear a price equal to that affixed as the value of the Part (2s. 6d.) But it is the determination of the Publishers, so to adorn these Editions, that they may be deemed worthy the libraries of the most distinguished *Connoisseurs.* The plates will all be printed with peculiar care, on French paper, and not one bad impression will be admitted into the Works.

June 1, 1807.

LONDON: Printed for JOHN HUNT and CAREW REYNELL, and C. CHAPPLE. Published by C. CHAPPLE, Pall-Mall; and sold by all the Booksellers and Newsmen in Town and Country.

BOOKS, published by C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.

The LIFE of LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, of the NILE, &c. By Mr. HARRISON, with the assistance of original and authenticated communications, from the dearest of his Lordship's family and friends. Elegantly printed in two 8vo. vols. enriched with a beautiful Portrait of the Hero, painted by Sir Wm. Beechey, R. A. price 1*l.* 3*s.* boards. A fine edition, on large paper, hotpressed, with proof impressions of the Portrait, price 2*l.* 6*s.* extra. boards.

"This Life of NELSON deserves the attention of Europe. Private particulars have been furnished by his Lordship's family to the Author. Public papers have been communicated to him from the offices in which they were preserved. It is likely to remain the prominent, acknowledged, and standard biography of a Hero, who has carried British Naval Glory to its highest pitch, and who has contributed to awaken in the remotest corners of the world a belief in the vincibility of Frenchmen. The work is drawn up with becoming courage. The most curious particulars of the Court, of the Ministry, and of the Army of Naples, are evulgated with the indifference of posthumous history.---It were useless to make a regular analysis of a work which will soon be in general circulation. We think highly of its literary execution: the due proportion and detail is observed: there is little of declamation and much of document." *Annual Review, for* 1806.

For the accommodation of the Public, (who are all interested in this valuable Life) an edition is published in 22 weekly parts, at 1*s.* and the large paper edition at 2*s.* each part.

BOOKS, published by C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.

OULTON'S TRAVELLERS GUIDE, or ENGLISH ITINERARY; containing accurate descriptions of the Counties, Cities, Towns, &c. &c. and their distances from London. Embellished with a whole sheet coloured Map of England and Wales, and 66 elegantly engraved picturesque Views. Two very thick vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 5*s.* boards, or 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bound in calf, and gilt.

THE THESPIAN DICTIONARY, or DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY of the PRESENT AGE; containing Sketches of the Lives, Lists of the Productions, various Merits, &c. of the principal Dramatists, Composers, Managers, Actors, and Actresses of the United Kingdom; interspersed with original Anecdotes: forming a complete History of the Stage. Second edition, 9*s.* in boards.

THE JUVENILE JOURNAL; or TALES OF TRUTH.—Dedicated by permission, to Lady Eden, by Mrs. Cockle.

Price 3*s.* 6*d.* extra. boards.

"A *strict observance of* TRUTH, in the most *trifling*, as well as the more *important* concerns of life, is the basis of *every moral* and *religious* duty."

SEE PAGE 33.

A PLAN for RECRUITING and IMPROVING the Situation of the BRITISH ARMY. From the Letters of COMMENTARIUS.

This Work, the subject of so much enquiry, is here complete, arranged under 21 distinct heads. The interest of every Officer and Soldier in the Service has been the pointed object of the Arrangement, and the Public, no less concerned, will see their advantage in the proposed Expenditures. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

IN THE PRESS.

This Month (October) will be published, elegantly printed in 12*mo. and dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,*

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